Give Me Your Wallet (And Your Watch)

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/15856284.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Spider-Man: Homecoming (2017), Marvel Cinematic Universe, Spider-Man (Tom Holland Movies)
Relationship:	Peter Parker/Tony Stark
Characters:	Peter Parker, Tony Stark, May Parker (Spider-Man), Michelle Jones, Ned Leeds
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - No Powers, the accidental text au, First Meetings, Sugar Daddy, Daddy Kink, Age Difference, Aged-Up Peter Parker, (He's 18), Coming Untouched, Praise Kink, Developing Relationship, First Time, Rimming, Sugar Daddy Tony Stark, Student Peter Parker, Loss of Virginity, Peter is a very reluctant sugar baby but Tony is trying to wear him down, Wrong Number AU, Power Imbalance, Power Dynamics
Language:	English
Collections:	Marvel cinematic universe, Re-read a thousand times, любимчики, Fav fics of all time <3, mcu fics !!!, Iron Man, Spiderman, Modern Marvels, The Cream of the Crop, PeterAndTony, 💛очень хорошо💛, All time favourites, best fics to ever exist, Long stories I'd die for
Stats:	Published: 2018-09-01 Completed: 2021-01-09 Words: 30,555 Chapters: 10/10

Give Me Your Wallet (And Your Watch)

by airebellah

Summary

It was pushing midnight when Peter sent a text to his friend Ned asking for help with a chemistry problem. *I know I'm doing something wrong but I can't figure it out,* he wrote.
He received a text with a picture of the solution. The elegant script should have been the first clue; the fact that it was on the back of a napkin the second. But he was tired, and failed to notice such details.
You misplaced your decimal when converting degrees to Kelvin, came the reply. *Rookie mistake.*
Gee, thanks, Peter replied with a roll of his eyes. *Anything you need help with?*
Yeah, who the fuck am I talking to, exactly?

(AKA the wrong number AU)

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

- Translation into Español available: Dame tu billetera (y tu reloj) by HarmonyStarker

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

> This started as an anon request on tumblr, and when I said I wanted to expand it, I got an amazingly overwhelming response of people asking me to do so. Thanks to everyone who encouraged me <3
>
> Title comes from "Fair Game" by Sia

It had always been important to Peter to succeed on his own, thus he always tried to complete his homework independently. But tonight he had been stuck on the same chem question for a half hour. The tip of his pencil had been chewed to shreds, and he was rapidly losing patience. On any other night, he likely could have come up with the solution; but he had smashed his phone earlier that day on the subway, and had dropped $100 on a replacement from Kijiji. Even though he paid for it himself, May still lectured him about his apparent "lack of responsibility."

Now it was pushing midnight, and all he wanted to do was collapse in bed. His fingers flew across the screen as he inputted Ned's number as a new contact. His eyes struggled to stay open as he texted, *How did you solve number 5?*

He didn't get an immediate reply, and Peter sighed and pushed off from his desk. When the new phone finally beeped, he was tugging on his pyjama pants. He paused in his stumbling dance to pull them on -- one foot still caught in the leg -- as he unlocked the screen. Unfortunately, it was not a picture of Ned's solution. Instead, all it said was, *What?*

"C'mon man, seriously?" Peter groaned as he trudged back to his desk, finger jabbing the screen in annoyance as he snapped a pic of the question sheet with his attempted solution. He explained in an accompanying text, *I know I'm doing something wrong but I can't figure it out.*

The reply came much quicker this time, and Peter sighed with relief as the solution appeared before his eyes. The elegant script should have been the first clue. The fact that it was on the back of a napkin the second. But he was tired, and failed to notice such details.

You misplaced your decimal when converting degrees to Kelvin, Ned explained. *Rookie mistake.*

Gee, thanks, Peter replied with a roll of his eyes. *Anything you need help with?*

Yeah, who the fuck am I talking to, exactly? came the heart-stopping reply. Peter's brand new (second-hand) phone slipped from his grip and tumbled to the floor. His sweaty hands

fumbled to pick it back up, quickly glancing over the device for damage before checking the number he had dialled.

Damn it, he had mis-entered Ned's number. So who was this stranger that happened to know about chemistry?

My name is Peter, he replied politely. *Thank you for your help and sorry for bothering you. Goodnight.*

He decided it would make a funny anecdote in the morning; he and Ned would probably laugh over it in phys ed. Settling into bed, he turned off the ringer and placed his phone on his bedside table. But the overwhelming fatigue from before had somehow faded, and Peter found himself curiously peeking an eye open a few moments later. The indicator light was flashing.

I'm bored out of my damn mind if you want to send me something else.

Peter chewed his lip, debating just locking the screen and going to sleep. But as he scrolled up to the picture message, he noticed the glass of amber liquid in the far corner, and a row of drinks behind a counter in the background.

Looks like you should be having fun, he typed back. He didn't know who the stranger was, just that they were obviously old enough to drink. And they had nice handwriting, he thought unhelpfully.

Some stupid business party. How old are you?

18, Peter replied. The slight thrill of excitement he felt seemed childish, and he pressed his grin into his pillow even as he rolled his eyes at himself.

Kid like you should have better things to do then texting a strange, old man past midnight.

How old? Peter shot back without a second thought.

48, came the reply. *Old enough to be your father.*

Peter's response was risky, and he had to look away as his thumb hit the send button. *Does that mean I should call you daddy?*

Holy fuck, kid. I just spit out my fucking drink.

Peter chuckled as he curled up on his side, cradling the phone a few inches from his face. It had been a long time since he flirted with anyone, and he was enjoying the harmless fun.

If you're going to talk like that, I'm going to need to see who's on the other end, the stranger warned.

Alright, maybe not so harmless after all. Peter chewed on the knuckle of his index finger as he considered it. He eventually decided, *You first. Plus your name.*

He was soon downloading another picture attachment, this time with a face instead of a chem problem. Peter's jaw dropped as the pixels formed into a dangerously handsome man with a crooked grin. A hint of grey peppered his dark hair and beard. He held up another napkin, which simply said, *TONY.*

“Oh God, oh God, oh God,” Peter groaned as he pressed his face into his pillow. That - *that* was who he had been stupidly flirting with? How could he even show his babyish face to such a devastatingly attractive, *mature* man?

His libido had absolutely no consideration for this dilemma, evidenced by his cock stiffening in interest. He felt surprisingly little guilt, staring at the screen as he slipped a hand down his pants.

Did I scare you off? came a new text, temporarily obscuring the man’s - Tony’s - dark hair. *It's the name, isn't it? I didn't pick it.*

Unclenching the fist currently stroking his cock, Peter steeled himself with a deep breath before snapping a selfie. The only lighting was the brightness of his screen, which he turned up all the way. The colour of his hair disappeared into blackness, but his frizzy curls were unmistakable as they spilled across his pillow and forehead. His eyes looked dark, but his cheeks were a bright red as they drew in the focus of the phone’s light. Overall, it was grainy and a tad blurry. But maybe that would work in his favour.

Peter’s erection wilted slightly in unease as he was left waiting. He could imagine a few responses in his head, but even the flattering ones were nothing compared to what he really received. *I'll give you 10% of my company’s shares if I can hear you call me daddy, beautiful boy.*

Was it possible to faint from all the blood in his body rushing en masse to his groin? Because Peter was quite sure he had never felt his cock *throb* like that before, neither with such intensity nor utter *need.*

But logically, Peter had to snort at the ridiculousness. *You're joking!* Peter replied, even as his other hand fumbled for the secret bottle of baby oil in his nightstand.

About the shares or your beauty? Peter read as his oil-slick hand rubbed along his shaft. *Either way, I'm completely serious.*

Peter wanted to believe it, desperately -- not the part about the money or whatever, the other thing. But the man had mentioned he was bored, plus he had clearly been drinking.

Tell me again when you're sober and maybe I'll believe you, he texted with his free hand.

Considering their conversation finished, Peter opened Tony’s picture once more. He bit his lip, letting himself imagine it was the man’s teeth digging into his bottom lip, that it was the man’s thick, rough hand stroking his cock in such a hurried pace.

He wondered what Tony’s voice sounded like. *Beautiful boy.* He wanted to hear those words whispered in his ear -- his jaw clenched, hand moving furiously fast at the thought. Tony

would smell of expensive cologne and harsh alcohol as he kissed Peter, biting bruises into his neck, telling Peter how *beautiful* and *pretty* he was, what a *good boy* --

“Unngh,” Peter groaned as he spilled into his hand. He tried not to feel like a weird pervert, using a stranger’s selfie to jerk off. It was hard, in all honesty, to feel as guilty as he probably should in the pleasant afterglow of an orgasm.

Ned literally fell against Peter’s chest as the two shook with laughter the next day at school. “Dude, you’re crazy!” he exclaimed as he read Peter’s quip about calling Tony ‘daddy.’ But he sobered up as he scrolled down to Peter’s last text. “He hasn’t replied back, huh?” he asked, patting Peter’s shoulder sympathetically.

Peter shrugged it off with a tight smile. “I mean, it was just for fun. I didn’t expect anything out of it.” Which was all true, yet he couldn't help but feel a *little* hurt.

It wasn’t until twenty past two that he received another picture image. Tony was standing in what looked like Central Park, wearing a sweat-slicked, deliciously tight track jacket**,** and holding up a half-empty bottle of water as he squinted against the sun. *Look. I'm outside, exercising. Drinking water, even. Definitely 100% sober. You're fucking gorgeous. Let me take you out?*

Peter tried to smother a laugh as his chem teacher glared at him. “No phones, Parker,” she warned sharply.

“Yes, ma'am,” he said, regrettably pocketing the phone. He thought it over the rest of the period, and by the time school was out, he had decided. *Yes. But I'm not interested in your company stocks.*

When he reached his locker, there was a reply waiting. *How about a Lamborghini?*

Rolling his eyes, Peter responded, *How about just a date??*

He could almost picture Tony's teasing grin. *Fine. We'll settle with a date and a Rolex watch. Deal?*

Assuming the part about the watch was just a joke, Peter replied, *Deal.*

Peter didn’t regret his date with Tony -- how could he, when the two hadn’t actually met yet? But he had made one critical error, and that was allowing him to pick the restaurant.

Peter may not know much about the man (or anything, truth be told), but Tony clearly had a flair for the dramatic, if his apparently serious offer of giving away company shares over a crappy, midnight selfie from a stranger was anything to go by. But when Tony had suggested they meet at nine, and Peter had to awkwardly reply, *It’s a school night, and I have to be home by ten,* he was too embarrassed to contribute any further to their plans.

He didn't recognize the name of the restaurant Tony chose, not that he was expecting to; he briefly looked through the search engine to confirm his worst fears -- it was super fancy and way out of his league -- before checking the map. At least the commute wasn't bad; he would get there in under an hour.

His dress pants didn't quite cover his socks, and the jacket he had on was a bit itchy. Nonetheless, May absolutely *cooed* when he shuffled out of his room, shoulders pressed to his ears and cheeks burning.

"Look at you, all grown up! Oh, I need pictures!"

Peter groaned, grabbing his aunt's forearm before she could flit out of the room. "May, *no."*

"At least one!" she negotiated. "Just on my phone."

"Fine," Peter relented. He stuffed his hands in his pockets, trying to give the least strained smile possible.

"Hello to my new contact picture," May revealed with a sly grin only *after* she had taken the photo.

The teen sighed. At least she was pretty chill about him going on some mystery date; he wasn't going to press his luck. May began adjusting his outfit. When she undid the top button of his shirt, he shot her a perplexed, slightly scandalized look.

"Oh, stop." She waved his concern away. "You don't do it up all the way to your throat if you're not wearing a tie."

He could see she immediately regretted saying anything in the way her arms suddenly stiffened, lips preemptively pursing.

"Do you think I should wear a tie?" Peter exclaimed, for about the ninety-eighth time that night. It had been quite the debate between them, ending only when May threatened to stuff the tie in his mouth and be done with it.

"No, baby," she sighed. "We are not doing this again, okay? You look perfect."

Peter took a deep breath, closing his eyes as he slowly exhaled. He nodded. "Okay."

May walked him to the door, pulling him into a tight hug before he could slip out. "He doesn't deserve you," she whispered.

Peter laughed, shaking his head. "May, we don't even *know* him yet."

Cupping his cheek, she vowed, "No one will ever be enough for you, baby." He flushed as she pressed a kiss to his forehead, but when she pulled away, she was frowning.

"He did *offer* to drive you, at least, right?" she asked slowly.

“Yeah,” Peter said. “Well, he offered to get someone to drive me, like a chauffeur I guess? But I said no, just to be cautious. Right?”

His aunt nodded approvingly. “That’s my boy. And if you do accept a ride home, you’re going to text me the make, model, colour, and license plate of his car. And make sure he knows I’m expecting you.”

“Yes, May,” he promised. He was quite sure he would reject any offers of a ride home, if only to avoid explaining how protective his aunt was.

He said his goodbyes and all but ran down the hall before May could switch from motherly concern back to overprotective adoration**.**

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Thank you everyone to your wonderful comments <3

By the time he arrived at the 23 St. station, his knock-off cologne had already faded. He followed his GPS religiously until he was standing before a revolving door enclosed by marble walls. *Eleven Madison Park,* read the sign.

Alright, he thought. *Doesn't look too outrageous.*

He took a stealthy step toward the clear doors, leaning forward to peek inside before he committed to entering. *Damn it,* he couldn't really see anything, just an entrance and a small staircase-

"Ahem."

Peter jumped straight into the air, clutching his chest as his heart practically tore out of his thoracic cavity. He turned around to face a blonde man in a well-tailored suit, with a dark-haired woman clinging to his arm in nothing but a skin-tight, mid-thigh black dress.

"We are intending to go inside," the man said frostily.

"Oh, sorry." On instinct, Peter stepped aside as his cheeks burned in embarrassment. But then he frowned, straightening before they could bowl past him. "Yeah, uh, me too." He firmly ignored the man's dubious look as he marched inside, trying his best to appear like he knew his way around. Which was difficult, considering he paused upon stepping through the revolving door, and looked around for the host stand.

Mr. Snobby Blonde Man strode past him without a second glance, to where a man stood ramrod straight wearing a classy black and white tux. They were immediately escorted to a table. Peter trepidatiously stepped forward to where they once stood. Looking at all the fancily dressed people sitting in the dining area made him nervous, so he turned to face the door.

"Can I help you, sir?"

Peter turned back around to see the tuxedoed man before him. The worker did not smile, but he exuded a polite confidence. "Uh, yeah, I'm meeting someone here for dinner?"

"Do you have a name?"

"Uh, Peter?" he supplied with a frown.

The man smiled thinly. “For the reservation.”

“Oh!” He smacked his forehead in embarrassment; his action startled the man, whose eyes widened as he stepped back. “Yeah, it’s probably under Tony. Stark.”

The host nodded. “I will take you straight to him,” he said before turning away.

“Wait!” Peter cried, lunging forward to grab the host’s arm. “He’s here already? But I got here early and everything!”

The man didn’t respond, save for gently prying his jacket sleeve out of Peter’s sweaty grip.

“Crap, um, before we go, can you just tell me -- is he, like nice? Do you think?”

“There are other guests,” the host said slowly. “Shall I escort you to Mr. Stark’s table, or would you like to come back?”

“Just… yeah,” Peter sighed, eyes momentarily squeezing shut as he silently readied himself. “I’ll go now.”

Peter wondered if it was possible to have an existential crisis at eighteen. As he wove between rows of immaculately dressed guests eating bite-sized portions of unrecognizable, but beautifully crafted food, he couldn’t help but wonder what the hell he was even doing in a place like this. He stuck out like a sore thumb -- or worse, like a poor kid from Queens playing dress up as he tried desperately to impress a complete *stranger,* just because the guy looked *kind of* handsome and happened to pay him a compliment.

At least, that’s what he told himself. By then they had arrived at the table, and the host was bringing Peter around to the empty seat. Tony stood up from his seat, and how the hell had Peter ever even *tried* to convince himself the man was only *kind of* handsome? He was drop-dead gorgeous, all olive skin and perfect, white teeth glimmering under a devilish smirk. This time he was wearing glasses, which had no right to look so good perched atop his straight nose. And, oh God, he was reaching for Peter’s hand, his fingers were so *warm* and Peter’s palm so sweaty and gross, then that smirk was brushing against his knuckles, and Peter may have been swooning because suddenly a chair was pressing into the back of his knees.

“Thank you, that will be all,” Tony said as he dropped Peter’s hand.

The teen nodded, barely registering the words (or the fact that they weren’t directed at him) until he heard a murmured, “Of course, sir,” as the host slipped away. And then Tony was motioning for him to sit, and the chair was directly behind him yet he somehow ended up almost missing the seat. He couldn’t draw his gaze away from Tony’s dark eyes and the way the skin around them crinkled with every smile.

“Clearly I was wrong to offer you ten percent the other night,” was the first thing Tony said to him.

“Oh,” Peter said, softly, not sure how one responded to such a thing.

But Tony didn't let him wallow in his doubt for too long, adding, "I should just sign over my entire company right now."

Once again, he wasn't sure if the man was joking or not. But he burst into laughter nonetheless, thankfully feeling some of the tension leaving him as Tony quietly chuckled.

"Here, kid. Catch."

The man reached into his breast pocket before flinging a small object across the table. Peter scrambled to catch it, making a poor imitation of a juggler before finally managing to close his fingers around the slippery wrapping paper.

"What's this?" he asked as he inspected the box.

The man's brow quirked as he took a sip of water. "As per our agreement," was all he said.

Peter was left wondering what the hell that meant for all of thirty seconds before he gasped, dropping the package from his hands as if it had burned him. "I swear, if there's a Rolex in there-"

"What, do you prefer another brand?" the man sitting across from him cut in. "Cartier, perhaps, or a Piguet?"

"I don't even know what any of that means," Peter confessed with a distasteful furrow of his nose.

Tony frowned, leaning forward on his elbows. "If you don't want the watch, what's your reward for sitting through dinner with me?"

It was Peter's turn to frown as he asked, "Isn't *that* the reward?"

Tony's eyes narrowed as he scratched at his beard. "Hmm," he acknowledged consideringly.

"Umm." Peter tried to rub the back of his neck out of sheer awkwardness, but the tightness of his sleeves didn't allow it. He aborted at the last moment, his hand awkwardly waving above his shoulder before he jerked it back down at his side. "Sh-should we order, or…?"

The man's lip dragged across his lower lip. He continued to stare at Peter, as if sizing the teen up. "You don't order, doll."

"Right," Peter murmured. *Because who orders dinner at a restaurant?*

"How's chemistry?" Tony asked. "Any pesky decimals I need to take care of?"

"Ha-ha," Peter laughed dryly. "Anyone could have made that mistake."

"Well," Tony drawled as he settled back into his chair, waving a hand at himself. "Not *anyone."*

Peter rolled his eyes. "As if you didn't look up the equation to solve it."

Before Tony could retort, a waiter arrived at their table holding two plates, which he set in front of them. Peter's eyes narrowed as he took in the little dish.

"Are those flowers?" he asked, looking at the purple petals sprinkled on top of what looked like a row of sliced- "And bananas?"

Tony's cough sounded suspiciously like a laugh, but the waiter's delicate sniff was unmistakably disdainful**.** "White asparagus with cured egg yolks, chive and arugula flowers, and grated feta."

Peter let out a meek, "Oh."

"Alright, alright," Tony snapped. "Let us eat our bananas in peace."

Peter didn't know his date well enough to discern if Tony was trying to lighten to mood, or aggravate Peter's injured pride. The silence was somewhat stilted as they ate, though Peter had to admit, he never thought flowers could actually taste so good.

It was only when the waiter had cleared their empty plates that Tony slipped back into their previous conversation. "It was a simple activation energy equation," he said with an exaggerated sigh. "Is it really that hard to believe I solved it by my intelligence alone?"

The teen couldn't help but feel emboldened by the man's superior attitude. "Fine. If you're so smart," he reasoned. "Why don't you solve something right now?"

"Oh, did you bring your homework to our date?" Tony asked with mock enthusiasm.

Peter flushed, both in pleasure at hearing Tony say it was a date (which he hadn't doubted, but it still felt nice to hear the man say it), and in embarrassment at the reminder of his youth. "N-no," he stammered. "But I can look something up, and you have to answer it without checking your phone. Deal?"

Tony shrugged, looking entirely too laid back. "Sure thing, kiddo."

The nickname felt like a step back from *"our date,"* and Peter frowned slightly as he began to stab at his phone in search of a sufficiently complex equation. He found a kinetic polymerization reaction rate that was so long, he figured he should just slide his phone across the table for Tony to read. When he looked up, he realized their second plate of food had arrived (along with a sheet of paper and a fountain pen that looked like it cost more than Peter's phone).

It couldn't really be called a course. It wasn't even a snack; it was barely a morsel. Peter's head ducked down as he tried to inspect the inside of the tiny green wrap. He could swallow it in one bite.

"What is it?" Peter asked, forgetting the chemistry question momentarily.

"Beats me, kid," Tony said with a shrug. He picked it up (it looked even smaller in Tony's thick, hands), tapping it toward Peter in a faux cheers before popping it into his mouth. "Now give me the question, you insolent brat," he demanded between chews.

Peter obediently handed over his phone, after making sure the answer was not displayed below. He watched as Tony almost immediately began to write across the paper. The man scribbled away furiously, and Peter leaned across the table to watch. He glanced between Tony's hand and the man's eyes, which were narrowed in concentration.

"Wait!" he cried, impulsively reaching out and slapping Tony's hand away from the paper. "Your glasses! Those are the - y'know, smart glasses!" He tried to ignore the burning of Tony's skin against his palm, instead focusing on the man's potential cheating.

He felt triumphant as Tony slid the glasses off his nose. Then the man was reaching across the table and pushing the frames behind Peter's ear, pressing on the bridge until they sat perfectly atop Peter's nose.

He was right -- they were smart glasses. But unfortunately, there was no equation dancing before his eyes.

"Well," he said with a impertinent shrug. "Go ahead."

Tony resumed his problem-solving, his writing no less swift now that he was without his glasses. Peter's food sat forgotten as he leaned across the table, watching as Tony wrote out constants that Peter didn't even fully understand.

Peter loved science. He loved chemistry. But he had never been under any illusion that they were *sexy* subjects. Now, watching Tony's dark brows pull together, his tongue running along his lips before they pursed in concentration, the sheer *speed* with which his pen flew across the paper -- Peter cleared his throat, shifting in his seat as he felt his face flush.

It was *hot,* okay?

The pen soon fell onto the table as Tony leaned back in his chair, folding his hands over his chest as he grinned triumphantly. "Well?"

Peter snatched up his phone and the paper. He glanced over the solution, as though he was scrutinizing Tony's work; in actuality, most of it was beyond his knowledge, and he simply enjoyed Tony's flowing script. He looked at Tony's rate constant, then clicked the link on his phone to the solution.

Not only were the answers the same, but the website Peter chose didn't *display* the steps to solving it. So there was no conceivable way for Tony to cheat, sans glasses.

"Wow," he said. He wasn't entirely sure what else to say. And then Tony was staring at him, with a too-soft smile for someone who had just proven him so wrong.

"You look good in those."

It took Peter a moment to realize he was being teased for still wearing Tony's smart glasses, like a total dork. "Oh, uh, sorry," he muttered as he gingerly pulled them off and handed them across the table.

Tony's smile only widened as he took back his glasses. It seemed almost deliberate, the way he paused, waiting until Peter had popped the weird, green, roll-thing into his mouth before saying, "Thank you, sweetheart."

Perhaps it was a kind of revenge for the first night they spoke, when Peter's words had made Tony apparently spit out his drink; now Peter had to cover his mouth to keep from coughing out the food as he began to choke. The pet name seemed so innocent and subtle, yet Peter's stomach fluttered in excitement.

They were onto the eighth dish - a morsel of chicken drizzled in a dark, checkered sauce and encircled by dots of colourful condiments - when Tony asked him about college.

"I applied to Columbia, NYU, Cornell…" he counted off on his fingers.

"All local," Tony interrupted. "Why limit yourself?"

Peter hummed as he swiped along the multicoloured globs dotting his plate before popping his finger into his mouth. He certainly did not fail to see the way Tony's eyes were drawn to his hollowing cheeks. "Um, I guess I didn't really want to leave my aunt. What if she needs me, you know?"

"What a sweet boy," Tony murmured. His lips curved into a smile as Peter's head ducked bashfully. "Your aunt is lucky to have you."

"Yeah, well," he muttered, fingering the silky white tablecloth. "Staying -- it's the least I can do for her."

After the waiter cleared away the eleventh, and final dish, Tony replaced it with the gift-wrapped watch. "You really don't want this?" he asked, sounding surprisingly bemused for someone who had solved an intricate chemistry equation by hand.

"I don't want the watch," Peter repeated, carefully pushing the box back to Tony's side of the table. He smiled up at the man coyly, explaining, "I'll happily keep you instead."

Tony's elbows rested on the table as the man leaned forward, resting his chin on one of his palms. "Name your price," he said.

"What price?" Peter asked.

Tony's free hand lifted, fingers crooking in an invitation for Peter to come closer. As he mimicked Tony's position, the man's fingers danced along his bicep and he whispered in Peter's ear, "I want to hear you say it."

Peter sucked his bottom lip between his teeth as he pulled back, staring up into Tony's dark eyes. "I don't have a price," he responded slowly, watching as the man scowled, clearly uncomprehending. "I just want to get to know you."

The gentle graze of Tony's fingers was replaced by the man gripping his bicep, firm but gentle. "You're going to regret it," he promised darkly. "You should just take the money, kid."

Stubborn as ever, Peter shook his head. "I'm not interested in your money. If I'm going to be with you, I want to *be* with you."

He shivered as Tony's grip loosened once more, his fingers dragging up Peter's arm, along his collarbone and throat, finally resting under his chin. His thumb lifted, resting atop Peter's bottom lip and gently tugging it from between his teeth. Before Peter's mouth could close, his thumb darted in between the teen's teeth, the tip simply resting there. Peter struggled to swallow, his tongue brushing against the hint of skin.

His thumb dropped to rest on Peter's chin as he pulled the teen in for a slow, savoury kiss. "Anything you want, sweet boy."

Chapter 3

"How in the hell do you have a 3.8 GPA when you're this *dumb ?"* Michelle groaned.

Peter bit back the urge to tell her it would be much closer to a perfect 4.0 if he and Ned didn't tend to goof off in phys ed. *Just sayin'.*

They lay in the grass outside on their lunch break, as Peter recounted his date from last night.
"What am I supposed to do with a watch that costs, like, half a year's rent?"
"Uh, pawn it and pay *off* that rent?" Michelle prompted. "You can buy yourself a gold-plated dildo for all I care!"

"Do you know how many limited-edition Millenium Falcon Lego sets we could have gotten?" Ned said.

Peter scowled as he looked over at his friend. "Why would we need more than one?"

"Why *wouldn't* we?" Ned countered.

"Look, guys," Peter groaned, rolling onto his back as he plucked out handfuls of grass. "I really *like* him, and money will just get in the way."

"Peter, you know I like you and all," Michelle said with a roll of her eyes. (She didn't do well with affection, even after all these years.) "But let's be real. A guy like that has a new boytoy every month. You should at least get something out of it before he dumps you for his next piece of ass."

For once, she and Ned were firmly in agreement. "Yeah, I mean, giving away a seven-thousand dollar watch is probably like shaking hands to that guy. No one's going to think any less of you."

"What if I don't want him to get bored and move on?" Peter asked. He hated how small he sounded, but he couldn't bring himself to speak about a whisper. "Do you think it would help if I didn't put out?"

His friends were quiet until Ned said an uncertain, "I don't know, maybe?"

Michelle just scoffed. "Should I pull up his photo again, babe?" she teased. "There's no way in *hell* you're to be able to resist that fine-ass piece of man. But sure, give it a try."

Although he would never admit it to her face, Michelle was right; resisting Tony's charms didn't last very long at all.

By the third date, Peter felt comfortable enough to let Tony drive him home. Well, to let Tony's chauffeur drive them to Peter's home. He was both thankful for and agonized by the

partition closing off the driver from their view, as Tony barely let the screen roll up before he was tugging Peter into a kiss.

They had already had their first *real* kiss -- tongues and everything -- on their second date; Tony had rented out an entire race track, forcing Peter to admit he had never driven before. Tony kept urging him to go faster and faster, until Peter's heart was racing with exhilaration. He had stumbled out of the car, legs turned into jelly, and Tony had taken advantage of Peter leaning on him for support to swoop down and steal a kiss.

Peter had somehow ended up pressed against the side of the car, Tony's frame solid against his, the man's tongue licking between the boy's surprised, parted lips. But he had been too hyped up on adrenaline to stand it for long, soon begging for another ride around the track.

But now, their kiss was slow and languid, if only because Peter's reach was hindered by his seatbelt. (He noted that Tony didn't wear one, and resisted the urge to lecture the man on safety.) But the pace was good; after all, Peter wanted to take things slow.

This isn't too fast, right? he silently questioned when Tony's hand slid down his backside as his tongue slid into Peter's mouth. *No, definitely not,* he decided, moaning at the sensation.

But he wanted to be good, he really did; so he was soon pulling away, placing his hand on Tony's chest for good measure. "Wait, we should-"

"You're so fucking pretty," Tony panted, stroking a hand down Peter's burning cheek. "Jesus Christ."

"I-I am?" Peter stuttered.

"Don't you know it, gorgeous?" Tony asked, leaning in to press feather-soft kisses against the teen's cheekbone. "Take this off and come sit with me."

Hearing the lock release on his seatbelt, Peter threw the polyester strap out of his way before scrambling across the seat. He sat beside Tony, urged by a hand under his knee to shyly swing his legs across the man's lap.

Peter's worries were put to ease as the two continued to kiss just as slow as before; Tony's hand settled on his lower back, but ventured no further. And Peter fisted Tony's satin-smooth shirt, but more so to steady himself than to drag the man desperately closer.

"I love those pretty little sounds you make," Tony confessed as he kissed a trail from Peter's mouth down to the patch of skin below his ear. "Keep making them for me."

His throat no longer wished to cooperate, now that Tony had pointed it out; the sounds he made became more strangled and pitched, but Tony groaned in response, his fingers digging into Peter's back.

"Just like that, kid, you're doing such a good job."

Peter was undeniably thankful his knees were bent, hiding his crotch from sight as his cock throbbed in response to Tony's words. He leaned forward, pressing his stomach closer to his

thighs; ostensibly to keep his growing erection hidden, but then he moaned at how good it felt, even just having his abdomen pressed against his cock. As Tony sucked on his neck, Peter lost himself to the sensation; he began to frot against himself, keening at the small relief.

Then Tony's lips were releasing his skin as the man straightened, giving Peter a critical once-over. "What you got there, sweetie?" he asked.

"'M s-sorry," Peter stuttered, releasing Tony's shirt to wrap his arms around his shins, pressing his thighs right against his chest.

"No, no,," Tony assured softly. His hand, still against Peter's back, pressed until the boy's spine was forced to arch. He closed his eyes against the sensation, and soon Tony was guiding his hips in a circular motion.

"That's it, you're so good, sweetheart," Tony urged him.

Peter almost bit his tongue at the praise and the immediate, needy ache it sent to his groin. "P-please," he whined.

"I know, kid. You want to come for your daddy, don't you?"

That was it - Tony's words, coupled with him simultaneously shoving Peter's hips forward, had the boy crying out. Tony hushed him, wrapping Peter in his arms and pressing the boy to his chest as Peter shook with oversensitivity.

"Good, good, you did so good, sweetheart," he comforted.

Peter had barely caught his breath before Tony asked, "Is now a good time for me to meet your aunt?"

"What?" Peter yelped, practically jerking out of the man's embrace. Mentioning his aunt was a *sure-fire* way to ruining an orgasm.

"Well, we've been parked outside your apartment for the last ten minutes," Tony informed him.

"What?" He tried to peer through the tinted glass, but it was too dark for him to see. "Um, I think, maybe - no offense, but…"

"Maybe another time, when your underwear isn't currently soaked with come?" Tony offered, not unkindly. He sported a teasing grin, and, well, it was ***his*** fault, after all. He couldn't be too disgusted at Peter's overeagerness, could he?

"Uh, yeah, something like that," the teen muttered as he untangled himself from Tony's lap and slid over to the opposite door.

"Hey," Tony said, grabbing Peter's wrist and tugging him back. He smoothed down Peter's curls and pressed a kiss to the boy's forehead. "Goodnight, kiddo."

Chapter 4

When Peter picked up his phone while getting ready for school to May yelling at him, “Peter, what the hell did you do?”, his first thought was she had somehow found out about last night. He was quite sure he had hidden his stained underwear and pants well at the bottom of his clothes bin, and always he did his own laundry -- besides, May had only left for work a few minutes ago!

Before he could even get a chance to reply, she demanded, “Get your ass downstairs *now!”*

The boy yanked the brush out of his half-combed hair before racing out of the apartment. The first thing he saw when he stepped out onto the street was his aunt, scolding a man dressed in a well-tailored black suit. Then, just past them, he saw a sleek grey car wrapped up in a comically big bow.

“Is that…” he trailed off as he stepped closer. He had never seen a high-end car in his neighbourhood (save for Tony’s) -- much less a shiny new *Audi* .

It was then that he picked up on his aunt’s words.

“-Just give a car to an eighteen year-old boy, what the hell is he thinking?”

The stranger shook his head, hands raised pleadingly as he tried to explain, “Ma’am, I’m not privy to his thought processes, I was just instructed to-”

“Take it back!” May seethed.

His pocket began to vibrate. Pulling out his phone, he couldn’t help but chuckle at Tony’s impeccable timing. *Well?*

Peter’s head shook as he replied, *My aunt is going to kill you.*

His phone lit up with a call. Peter glanced over at May, still absorbed in her argument, before stepping away to answer.

“I’m more concerned about what you think,” Tony said.

“I think…” Peter scoffed, shaking his head. “You’re *crazy ,* and I can’t accept this.”

“Too late,” Tony said immediately. “All the paperwork is under your name, the car is already at your building -- shit, you’re probably running late for school. I guess you’ll just have to take the car.”

“So that I miss first period?” Peter countered. “Tony, you do realize it’s way faster to take the subway, right? And that I can’t drive?”

“Details,” the man muttered under his breath. “Look, I’ll help you practice. You can take it for your driver’s test.”

“Is that him?”

Peter winced as he spun around to face his aunt, who held her hand out expectantly.

“Yes, May, but I’m-”

“Give me the phone, Peter,” she said with forced calmness. “I just want to talk.”

“I promise, I *promise ,”* Peter said, holding out a hand to keep her from snatching the device from his ear. “I’m not keeping it. But you’re going to be late for work, you should really go, May.”

“I swear, Peter Benjamin Parker, if I come home to that car sitting there…”

“May, I know,” Peter groaned. “You’ll have my hide *and* his.”

“Damn straight.” But thankfully, her scowl softened. She squeezed his shoulder as she bent down to press a kiss to his forehead. “I love you, baby.”

“Love you too,” Peter murmured, before turning back to his phone call. “Tony?”

“I’ve decided you may return the car,” Tony obliged reluctantly. “But I want a picture of you with it first.”

Peter pondered the offer for a moment, but he was running late for school and the terms seemed reasonable. It was a little awkward leaning against the hood to snap a pic, especially with the puzzled looks from passersby. Sending it over, he raced back upstairs to finish getting ready. Just as he was walking through the living room, he got a reply.

Your aunt’s lipstick is a lovely shade.

“Huh?” Peter muttered as he ambled over to the bathroom to finish brushing his hair. It wasn’t until he looked up into the mirror that he saw the crimson, lip-shaped smear across his forehead.

“Damn it!”

“Pics or it didn’t happen!”

Peter rolled his eyes even as he pulled up the selfie on his phone and tossed it to his friends. He hoped they wouldn’t notice May’s kiss lingering on his skin, but unsurprisingly, their eyes were drawn to the car and not his face.

“Dude, this is awesome!” Ned said with a grin as he handed back the phone.

Peter pocketed the device as he shook his head. “I’m not keeping it, Ned.”

“Hm.” Michelle rubbed her chin as she analyzed Peter with a narrowed gaze. “I see.”

“See… what?” Peter asked. “There’s nothing to see.”

“You did it!” she proclaimed, slapping his shoulder. “You called him ‘daddy’ in bed!”

“N-no, I didn’t!” Peter cried, head whipping around wildly as he made sure no one in the hallway listening. “Really, we haven’t even… *been* in bed!”

Michelle rolled her eyes as she shared a *look* with Ned. “You don’t go from a Rolex to an *Audi* for nothing.”

“W-well, maybe not nothing…” Peter admitted with a blush. “But definitely not *that .”*

Before Michelle could look too triumphant, Ned turned to her with a considering frown. “Wait, isn’t he going to get 10% of Tony’s company for that?”

Peter facepalmed miserably as Michelle said, “Oh, right! So, on a scale from midnight-selfie to calling-him-daddy, what do you think he did to earn the car?”

Horrified by where that conversation could lead, Peter squeaked, “Guys!” before Ned could even reply. “Let’s, uh, get to class, okay?”

Peter stayed firmly in between his two friends as they walked down the hall to keep them from whispering about his sex life. Unfortunately, he knew it was but a temporary solution, one which would not prevent a chain of texts between the two.

“Wait, did you say you’re not keeping it?” Ned asked as they approached their AP chem class.

“Peter, we’ve been over this…” Michelle chastised.

“Look, I know you guys don’t get it,” Peter reasoned **.** “But it makes me feel weird, alright? I don’t need anything from him. I don’t *want* anything. Not materially.”

That’s exactly what he tried to explain to Tony later that night during dinner. He was still on probation with May over the incident this morning, and decided it was best to keep their conversation to quiet texting.

Look, kiddo, the paperwork is under your name, Tony explained. *All you have to do is say yes. Your aunt doesn’t even have to know; we’ll keep it stored somewhere else.*

Peter glanced up from the screen as his aunt placed a sweet potato casserole on the table. Shucking off her oven mitts, she joined him at the table; but he didn’t fail to notice the way her gaze drifted, as she spooned out the first serving, to the empty seat at the head of the table.

With May occupied serving herself, Peter’s fingers flew across his phone screen as he hid the device under the table. *I wouldn’t lie to my aunt, Tony. Even if I wanted to keep it. Which I don’t.*

He knew it wasn't really fair to Tony, who had no idea where Peter and May were coming from. But it was not intended to be a punishment, the way Peter avoided his phone well into the evening; he just needed some space.

When he finally did open Tony's text, sitting at his desk and nearly finished his microbiology assignment, he was pleasantly surprised. *I understand. Consider the gift returned.*

You do? Peter typed back.

He snorted when Tony replied, *Not really.* The man continued, explaining, *Look, you're a good kid. Better than I was at your age, at the very least.*

It wasn't about last night, was it? he asked. *I don't want to wake up to a car every time something happens.*

Why not? Tony retorted. *Alright, fine. Not a car, not a watch. I'll figure you out. Home theatre? Surround-sound gaming system?*

I just want you, Peter reminded him.

Tony's next text -- *You can have me anytime, baby* -- was accompanied by a photo. The man was leaning back in a large leather chair, head tilted back to expose the long column of his throat as he tugged down his maroon tie.

Peter swallowed thickly. Slammed his textbook closed. That was enough studying for one night, right?

As he stripped to his boxers and dove into bed, he was reminded of their first night talking. Trading introductory selfies. *"You're so good,"* Tony had said last night. The memory of those words, of the firm hand guiding his back, sparked a flutter in his stomach. And perhaps it was the reminiscing, and nothing else, that prompted Peter to impulsively snap a pic.

Glad I'm not currently drinking anything, Tony responded after downloading the attachment. Peter had his blanket pulled up to his shoulders; it wasn't even that tempting **.** *All this paperwork might have been ruined.*

He laughed, recalling Tony's profession of spitting out his drink that first night. *That was when I asked if I should call you daddy, actually,* Peter recalled.

Ah, yes. Still waiting for that, by the way.

Groaning, Peter reached down to fist his half-hard cock. A few pumps and he was fully hard, and desperate for some lubricant. His phone was forgotten momentarily as he focused on slathering his hand with oil. The first squeeze of that slick, warm grasp had him gasping quietly.

When he next glanced at his phone, there was a string of texts from Tony.

Don't say it now. I want to hear you in person.

Pete, you there?

Are you touching yourself? -- at that, Peter felt a flush of guilt coupled with a twinge of excitement.

It's okay, baby. You can tell me.

Next was another photo attachment. Once the picture downloaded, Peter's jaw dropped as the phone slipped from his grip and landed on his chest. The hand on his cock clenched tightly as he fumbled to grab the phone with the other.

"You're *kidding* me, oh God."

Tony's cock was a thing of beauty.

It was thick and long and dark, with coarse hair nestled at the base. Even the precome gathered at the tip glistened like little pearls. It was something that should inspire artists and painters, have statues in Rome devoted to it.

Alright, Peter may have been half-delirious with arousal. But it deserved waxing poetics nonetheless. More importantly, it put his pale, slender, slightly crooked dick to shame.

Let me see you, my beautiful boy , Tony texted. *I'm so fucking close just thinking about you.*

Improvise, improvise, improvise, he chanted silently. "Uhh…" It was hard to focus on a believable lie while simultaneously trying to jerk himself off. *Shit. Just ran out of data.*

Tony replied without missing a beat. *Who are you with?*

Why, so you can buy the whole company? Peter teased.

There was a suspiciously long pause before Tony finally said, *No. Obviously not, that would be crazy.* Before Peter could decide whether to believe him, he had an incoming call.

"T-Tony?" he stammered in greeting.

"Fuck, kid," the man moaned on the other end. "I thought maybe you were just teasing me. Are you fucking yourself on your fingers?"

"Uh, no?" Peter replied. *Shit ,* maybe he should have lied. It would have been sexier. "I, I'm just, like-"

"Stroking your little cock, sweetheart?" Tony supplied.

Peter would never have expected a slight like that to be so arousing. Yet his cock twitched in excitement as he whimpered, "Sh-shit, Tony."

"Have you ever fingered your little asshole, Pete?" the man continued.

He decided he may as well continue with his newfound honesty. "No," he said.

There was a beat of silence, though Peter's ears picked up on a slight, garbled sound. "Tony?"

"Yeah, kid," Tony replied after another moment. He was noticeably out of breath. "Just -- fuck! You almost made me come all over my Cucinelli's."

"What's that?" Peter asked. Sounded like take-out.

"Nevermind," Tony said. Then, words coming out faster and faster, he continued, "I'll buy you some. I'll fill your whole fucking wardrobe. Just come for me, kid. God, I wish I could see you right now."

"Tony," was the only sound Peter could make. "Tony."

"That's right, kid, say my fucking name," Tony urged. "Promise me you're not going to come again until I can see you for myself."

"Tony, Tony," Peter cut in, voice raising in desperation. "I have to -- I'm going to-"

"Be a good boy and promise me, Pete," the man exhorted. "I know you can do it."

He could hear the growing hoarseness in Tony's voice, the usual suave assuredness losing way to hitching breaths and raspy need. "I-I-"

"For daddy, be a good boy for your daddy."

"I, oh-oh." He bit down on the inside of his cheek as his balls began to tighten. "Okay, yes, I promise, I promise, I promise!"

"That's it, baby, that's it," Tony softly coaxed him as Peter gasped and writhed in his sheets, before the man cut off with a loud groan. *" Fuck* . I need to record all your little noises one of these days."

Peter mumbled vaguely in response. His orgasm had left his limbs heavy as lead, and he nestled the phone between his ear and pillow as his hand became too weak to hold it any longer.

"Good thing I pay the cleaning staff well enough not to ask questions." Tony chuckled in his ear. "'M not gonna wake up to an Audi, am I?" Peter asked drowsily **.**

Tony snorted. "Nah, of course not, kid."

Peter knew better than to allow the man a loophole. "Or a new video game system, or surround sound, or *any* kind of gift." He paused before adding for good measure, "Tangible or intangible."

"What about the gift of me?" Tony asked.

Peter hummed in mock contemplation as he rolled onto his stomach, getting cozy under his scratchy blanket. He was too lazy to clean himself up; tomorrow-Peter could deal with that.

“That sounds okay.”

“Just *‘okay’* ?” Tony scoffed. “Jesus, I’ll have to step up my game.”

“Mm, yeah,” Peter agreed sleepily.

“Alright, kid. Have a goodnight.”

Peter wasn’t sure if he managed to reply anything coherent, but he decided it was nice to have Tony’s voice in his ear as he fell asleep.

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

> Sorry for the delay! Your love and feedback keeps me going <3 thanks to everyone being so kind in the comments & on tumblr :)
>
> Update: I totally forgot harmonystarker made an awesome moodboard for this fic, check it out here!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Despite Tony's agreement, Peter was extremely trepidatious walking out of his apartment the next morning. Thankfully, the streets were clear of luxury cars and any other extravagant ideas.

In fact the only thing he received was a phone call, though unfortunately ill-timed; he was just stepping off his bus to walk toward the Forest Hills subway station. "Good morning," he greeted somewhat wearily. He wouldn't put it past Tony to have some kind of grandiose announcement, despite the early hour.

"Hey, kiddo." Tony's voice was muffled by the sounds of whipping winds. "Just checking in before my flight leaves."

"Flight?" Peter repeated. Worrying the surprise in his tone may come across as clingy, he tried to sound more casual as he asked, "Where to?"

"Did we not have this conversation last night?" Tony questioned. The winds had now been silenced. "Guess we got a little distracted, huh?"

Peter snorted. He could see the subway station approaching, and slowed his pace. Just a little. "I guess so. So, uh, where are you…?"

"Well, if you must know, dear," Tony drawled. "I've been called away to Houston. I'll be back before you can even miss me."

Peter bit his tongue against saying, *That's not possible* . Instead he said, "Thanks for letting me know. But I'm-" he sighed, stopping at the top of the platform as people rushed passed him down the stairs. "I'm going to lose you."

"What makes you say that, Pete?" Tony was quick to demand.

"Er, I'm going underground?" Peter explained, bemused by Tony's suddenly heated tone. "My cell service is about to cut out."

“Oh.” There was a pause, then Tony asked, “Does it do that the whole time?”

“The whole time I’m underground?” Peter asked, laughing lightly. “Uh, yeah.”

“Huh. Well, you wouldn’t have these problems if you had accepted the car.”

Peter groaned. “Tony…”

“Alright, alright,” the man chastened. “I’ll see you soon, Pete.”

Friday nights were reserved for sleep-overs (they had yet to find a cooler term) with Ned. They alternated houses, with this week being Ned’s turn. Peter secretly preferred nights at Ned’s house, because he didn’t have to sleep on a lumpy couch while his friend took his twin bed.

They tended to lose themselves in concentration whenever they had a new Lego set to build, which they did tonight. Ned’s AT-AT model had just come in, and they had finished building the torso by the time Peter’s bladder began to protest all the soda he had been gulping down.

“Be right back,” he said. He barely got a grunt in response as he stood, shaking out his limbs before dashing off to the washroom.

When he returned moments later, the sound of Ned’s laughter through the door had him pausing. It was the breathlessly giddy laugh Ned reserved for crushes and people he geeked over. Peter grinned to himself, realizing he hadn’t heard this particular laugh since Ned and Betty had first gotten together. But his heart stopped when he realized he *recognized* the voice on the other end.

Peter burst in the door, only to see Ned holding Peter’s phone up to show Tony -- because Peter could see the man’s *face,* apparently they were *video chatting* -- their partially-completed *Lego* set.

“Ned!” Peter hissed, ducking down when the phone’s camera swung his way. “Get off, *now !”*

Ned gaped between his friend and Tony’s increasingly concerned frown on the grainy phone screen. Then, without a word, he pressed ‘end.’

“What the hell?” Peter yelled as lunged for his phone.

“Dude, I didn’t realize it was your boyfriend until it was too late!” Ned exclaimed. “And then he was there, and saying how *hot* last night was, and then he saw it was me and not you, and then we got to talking-”

“You showed him our Lego set!” Peter yelped, his voice becoming increasingly shrill. “Wait, what do you mean, ‘boyfriend’?”

“He introduced himself as your boyfriend,” Ned explained.

Before Peter could even *begin* to digest that little tidbit, his phone began to chime. “Oh, my God,” he groaned as he sank to the floor. Holding the screen up to his friend, he begged, “What do I do, what do I do?”

“You gotta answer it!” Ned said, waved his hands encouragingly.

Peter winced, knowing his friend was right. He tried to smooth his face into an ordinary, casual smile as he greeted, “H-hey, Tony.”

“Hey there, squirt.” Tony grinned into the camera with a half-lidded gaze. His head was resting against a pile of silky, navy-blue pillows and, judging by the peek of broad, muscular shoulders, he wasn’t wearing a shirt. “I was kind of hoping for a repeat of last night.”

“Um, Ned’s kind of -- I’m at Ned’s,” Peter stuttered to explain.

Tony chuckled; the sound was scratchy and deep, and Peter’s stomach twisted. “I know, kiddo, don’t worry. You having fun with your friend?”

“Yeah, uh, totally.” He glanced over at Ned, who wasn’t even under the pretense of giving them privacy; he was openly gawking at Peter’s phone screen.

“I didn’t get a good look at that thing you guys are building.”

Peter tried to hide his wince, all too aware of Tony’s eyes watching him. “Oh, uh, you really don’t have to…” he trailed off, not even sure of how to complete that sentence.

“What’s it supposed to be?”

“It’s just from some movie, um, *Star Wars ,”* he revealed shyly. “Um, y’know that part where they’re on the snow planet with the walky-thingies--”

“You mean the AT-ATs in *Empire Strikes Back ?”* Tony filled.

He heard Ned whisper, “Yes!”, and saw him punching the air triumphantly out of the corner of his eye. Turning back to Tony, he asked in surprise, “You know?”

Tony snorted. “Are you kidding me? I saw it in theatres. Now, listen kid…” Tony ran a hand through his hair, which only encouraged the messy strands to stick up even more. “I get back tomorrow night and it’s been too long since I last saw you, baby boy.”

“Oh, good, yeah,” Peter said. “We can do something.”

“Tomorrow night?” Ned cut in. He continued, despite Peter’s desperate waving out of the camera’s range to *stop talking* , “Your aunt’s still going to be at that publishing conference out of town-”

“Dude!” Peter finally exclaimed.

He heard a chuckle from his phone. “Out of town, huh?” Tony said, now stroking his goatee thoughtfully. “Are you going to invite me over, Mr. Parker?”

Something about Tony's teasing, faux-respectful title had Peter flushing. "Uh, well," he stammered. "Y-yeah, you could… come over. If you want."

"Of course I want, Petey. Now I'm going to let you go. It was nice talking to you, sweetheart. You too, Ned."

Peter murmured a vague salutation in return before his finger jabbed at the 'end' button. "Ned, what were you thinking?" he cried, once the video call had ended. "You know I'm trying to take things slow!"

"I didn't mean it like *that ,* I swear!" Ned exclaimed. "I just meant you could stay out past curfew."

Peter groaned, sinking his face into his palms miserably. "He's going to want to *do it ."*

"But if you don't want to," Ned reasoned gently, "You can always say no."

"Yeah, I know," Peter sighed. "But *I* want to, too!"

"So… I'm not seeing the problem here," Ned replied. "You've done *stuff* before."

"But not, y'know, *real* sex -- and what I have done, it's only been with, like… teens!

Ned frowned, head tilting in contemplation. "Maybe you should wax?"

"D-down *there ?"* Peter stammered. "That sounds painful!"

"You're right," Ned agreed with a sage nod. "Maybe just stick to shaving."

"So you think I should?"

"Dude, I don't know!" Ned threw his hands up as Peter groaned miserably. "I don't know what kind of… *things* you're into!"

"Wha- I'm not into anything weird!" Peter cried. "Wait, do you think *he's* into weird stuff?"

"Of course he is!" Ned said, because the teen had no concept of de-escalating Peter's panic.

But eventually, they came to a few decisions. Peter would shave (in the privacy of his own home, of course), *waxing* would be decidedly unnecessary, and if turned out Tony was into anything odd -- well, Peter could just say yes or no, depending on whether he liked it as well.

The hard part would be taming his anxiety for the twenty-odd hours.

Chapter End Notes

These two are actual saps, it's so nauseating (in the best way)

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

> Thank you everyone for your patience waiting for this update! It's honestly so appreciated. I hope this doesn't disappoint ;)

When Peter woke up late the next morning, comfortably lounging in Ned's parents' guest room, he opened his phone to the second most terrifying sentence Peter could have seen from his aunt. (The first most terrifying would have been, "I set up hidden cameras everywhere, including your bedroom.")

She apologized for missing Peter's marching band at Midtown's game today.

It wasn't life-ending or anything, for his aunt to miss a single performance. But Peter had completely forgotten about the game, in his blinding panic over the accidental invitation for Tony to come over tonight. He had assumed, once he got home, that he would have the day to clean (and hide all his embarrassing toys and knick-knacks, of which there were many).

Instead he found himself rushing out of Ned's house, into Queens to grab his uniform (by then, his phone is blowing up from aggravated teammates), and over to school. He wished, not for the first time, there was a faster way to commute than buses and subways.

Peter was lightly panting by the time the closing ceremony was finished. The uniform was heavy and tight, especially the ridiculous hat with its broad strap tucked under his chin. He wiped a hand across his brow as he leaned against the row of lockers, tiredly spinning his combination lock. He could hear the vibrations of his phone through the thin metal, and as soon as the little door swung open, his thudding heart came to a sudden halt.

He had two missed calls from Tony and a single text. *Landed in New York.*

The nerves from before were back with a vengeance, and he silently cursed Midtown's rugby team for not just calling it a night at half-time so Peter could rush home and get his apartment ready for his older, richer, classier boyfriend.

Of course, it was just as he returned the man's call, trudging toward the exit in defeat, that a rowdy group of his peers raced through the empty hall cheering.

"You're at a party?" Tony asked as soon as he picked up.

"No," Peter sighed. "The game just ended. Rugby."

“You don’t exactly strike me as the rugby type,” Tony said with a slight chuckle.

Snorting, Peter shook his head. “I’m actually part of the -” Peter cut himself off with a silent curse. He should have just laughed it off, said his friends had asked him to come. But then he would have felt guilty for lying, and in all likelihood would have ended up breaking down and confessing the truth sooner rather than later. And, as he had this silent dilemma, he realized he had been quiet for too long. Mostly due to Tony’s impatient throat-clearing.

“Uh, I’m in the… marching band,” he confessed with a slight wince.

Tony didn’t burst into laughter, but Peter couldn’t tell if that was a good thing. “You mean with those, ah…” There was a pause, and, *oh,* now Peter could hear the muffled chuckles. “Little Nutcracker-looking uniforms?”

Groaning, Peter petulantly admitted, “Maybe.”

Now the laughter was dangerously approaching raucous levels. “Can I get a picture of this?”

“No!”

“Pick any tech company, I’ll get you a brand new, exclusive, pre-released model. Of whatever you want,” the man bargained.

“Tony…”

This time it was Tony groaning. “Oh, right. No gifts.”

Peter chewed his lip. He could see the sign denoting the underground station approaching. “Just you,” he whispered.

“How about just me and some take-out for tonight?”

And, well. Peter could hardly say no to that.

It was impossible to be enrolled in as many AP classes, and have as many extracurriculars as Peter did, without acquiring some time management skills. So by the time he arrived home, he already had a game plan. He tugged off his uniform and shoved it, along with the miscellaneous clothes strewn around his room, into his laundry hamper. Next he stripped his sheets, not only because they were dirty, but because the black material was dotted with little BB8s. He grabbed some fresh navy blue, *mature* ones from the closet -- which were probably May’s, considering how he had to tuck about half the material underneath his twin-sized mattress, but no one had to know. The pillowcase was thankfully solid black; he simply flipped it over, telling himself it was like brand new that way.

His desk was more of a lost cause. He (very gently) shoved his comic books, DVDs, and textbooks underneath the table. His partially-programmed *Lego* robot remained, because -- that was kind of cool, right? And he did not dare move the 1984 Macintosh he had had to partially rebuild from scavenged scraps.

Next he hopped into the shower, grabbing his barely-touched razor from underneath the sink. As it turned out, it was very *awkward,* lathering himself in May's floral-scented shaving cream as he stood under the warm spray of water. The front was… not too bad. At least he could actually *see* what he was doing, though no matter how gently and slowly he swiped the blade, he was left hissing at multiple nicks. It was the next part *(further back)* that was the real struggle. He had one leg propped up on the tub, limbs contorted as he blindly reached back for the sake of being as *thorough* as possible.

It was the least attractive he had ever felt. He would definitely have to look up some YouTube tutorials, or an eHow article, or *something* in the future.

After stepping out of the shower, he slathered himself in lotion. He had been obeying Tony's (frankly bizarre) demand that Peter not masturbate, so even the cool glide of lotion on his now-smooth groin was enough to make his dick twitch in mild interest. He almost welcomed the sudden stinging burns as the scented cream seeped into the numerous invisible cuts, distracting his momentary arousal.

It was as he scrunched his soaking hair with fistfuls of towel that his phone vibrated against the off-white laminate counter. The only thought crossing his mind as he lunged for the device was a breathless, *Not ready, not ready, I'm not ready* --

Tony had stopped to pick up the food, then was heading right over.

While undeniably relieved that Tony was not here already, Peter was nevertheless consumed with the blinding panic that he would be here *soon,* and Peter was still naked.

"Clothes," he muttered to himself, tossing the sopping towel onto the floor before skidding over to his room. Clothes would be good. It took longer than he would like to admit before finding a pair of boxers without any holes, but he found a really nice pair, deep red in colour, lodged way at the back of his drawer. He couldn't be sure how casual he should dress tonight -- it was technically a date, but they were just going to eat take-out in his living room. And other than their first time meeting, Tony liked to dress semi-informally, usually pairing a graphic tee with a sharp blazer. But then again, even Tony's most casual T-shirt was many times more expensive than Peter's costliest dress shirt.

He rifled through his drawer, wishing not for the first time that he bothered to fold his clothes instead of jamming them inside. It was the cold drops of water sprinkling his shoulders and neck, from his still-soaking hair, that drove him to finally tug on a plain old shirt. He thought, at the very least, that Tony might find it amusing -- it said *May the force be with you,* but the word "force" was replaced by the equation for it.

God, was he lucky he even had someone.

His hair was only half-dry by the time Tony arrived. His curls still stuck up wildly, and he might have missed the message altogether over the sound of the blow dryer, but it was like all his senses were hyper-attuned to the gentle vibrations in his pocket.

Come get me, kid, the text beckoned.

With a resigned sigh, Peter shut off the blow dryer and set it back down on the counter. He leaned in toward the mirror, ruffling his hands through his curls in a half-hearted attempt to tame them. Acknowledging it as a lost cause, he threw on some sneakers and headed out the door. His nerves seemed to melt away as he raced down the stairs two at a time, somehow managing to only stumble a few times.

He could feel how ridiculously wide his grin was the moment his eyes landed on Tony, casually leaning against the entranceway, two ginormous bags packed with take-out boxes at his feet. Peter waved as he bolted over (then immediately cringed at himself, because Tony looked so effortless and cool, licking his lips as he pulled off his black Ray-Ban's, meanwhile Peter had *waved* like some over-excited puppy).

"Hey, Tony," he greeted as he pulled open the door, unable to wipe the dopey smile off his face even as he attempted a cool, unaffected tone. Instead of stepping into the foyer as Peter expected, Tony grabbed the teen's wrist and tugged him into the entranceway.

"God, I missed you," was the only explanation he got as he was pushed up against the glass door.

Maybe he should go out of town more often, Peter thought dazedly, *If this is the welcome I get.* One hand cupping his jaw upward, the other pulling his hips flush against Tony's thighs, tongue sliding into his open mouth.

"Missed you, too," he murmured between panted breaths as Tony pressed open-mouthed kisses to his cheek, across his jaw, and down his throat. *" Oh ,* a-a lot." The sound he made when the man's blunt teeth nipped at his carotid was definitely not a *whimper ,* but it was far more high-pitched than his self-esteem would have liked.

Tony swore, his other hand dropping to grip Peter's hips, effectively stilling the canting movements Peter was only vaguely aware of making. "You'll be the death of me," Tony sighed, his wet kisses replaced with the press of his bristly beard.

With an incredulous shake of his head, Peter looked up at the cracked plaster ceiling above them. Tony's nose skimmed up and down his neck and the teen instinctively jerked back, chuckling at the ticklish sensation. "Are - are you *smelling* me?" he questioned.

Tony hummed, unabashedly pressing his face into the crook of Peter's neck and taking a deep breath. "I'm old and rich," he mumbled against the boy's skin. "I'm allowed to be a bit eccentric."

The teen burst into laughter, jokingly pushing against Tony's chest as the man pulled at Peter's shirt to nip at his collarbone. He was absolutely breathless, stomach cramping and head banging against the glass door with every gasp, when a very loud throat-clearing had him almost jumping out of his skin. This time he actually did apply pressure as he pushed Tony away, though he immediately wished he could pull the man back, so Peter could bury his face in his chest, as he recognized the woman standing before him.

"H-Hi, Mrs. Flores," he greeted sheepishly. She lived a few doors down from them, and there was about a ninety-nine point nine-nine percent chance she would tell May all about seeing

her nephew being felt up by an older man in semi-public. “Oh, sorry!” he gasped, jumping away from the door as she continued to stare at him unblinkingly. Gesturing to her grocery bags, he politely (and in no way bribingly) offered, “Um, can I help you with those?”

All he received was a terse, “No,” as his neighbour shouldered into the building. He turned, with wide, despairing eyes, to see Tony beaming with smug satisfaction. “Crap,” the boy bemoaned, dropping his face into his hands. “She’s going to tell my aunt.”

“Hate to break this to you, kid.” Tony mock-sighed, squeezing the boy’s shoulder. “But your aunt already knows about us.”

“Yeah, but she doesn’t need to hear about… *y’know*.” His voice dropped to a whisper as he gestured between them.

“‘Y’know’?” Tony echoed with a teasingly cocked brow. “Look, you want me to go and buy her silence?”

Resigned to his fate, Peter merely shook his head. “Not everyone can be bought.”

Tony rolled his eyes, like the fully grown forty-eight year old Peter was rapidly falling for. “Yeah, kid, so I’m learning.”

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

> I'm quite shame-faced that this is only chapter 7, and that y'all have been waiting so long for a painfully short chapter. But thank you eternally for your patience, and to everyone who comments and leaves kudos, because they never fail to bring a smile to my face on rough days.

Peter chewed his lip as Tony silently took in the apartment. Well, not silently; he had dropped the two bags bulging with take-out boxes on the dining table, before spinning around and taking a self-guided tour inside the (tiny) living room. He hummed a lilting tune as he walked around, picking up and gently replacing a few photo frames, running a finger along May's collection of books, taking a whiff of the fake, decorative plant in the corner.

"Nice place you got here, Pete." Thankfully he was looking out the window as he spoke, missing Peter's shoulders slumping in relief. When he turned back around, he wore a teasing grin. "Maybe you can give me a private tour later."

"Ah, well…" the teen trailed off, gesturing at the joined kitchen and dining room. "This is kind of it."

"Perhaps a tour of the *bedrooms?"* Tony clarified with a wink. Stepping off from the window, he stroked his beard as he surveyed the room. He already looked as if he owned the room, gaze calculating how best the furniture could serve his needs. "Does your aunt usually have you eat meals at the dining table?"

At Peter's nod, Tony shrugged. "Well, she's not here tonight. Bring the food over here, Pete," he said as he settled into the couch. "We'll throw on a movie."

"I'll go get the plates and stuff," Peter offered, after setting the bags of food on the coffee table. "Want something to drink?"

He was halfway to the kitchen when Tony said, "Yeah, kid, I'll take a scotch on the rocks if your aunt has any."

Peter's eyes widened as he stopped in his tracks, spinning around to face the man. "Uh…" Chewing the inside of his cheek, he nervously rubbed at the back of his neck. "I was thinking, like, a Coke?"

Tony chuckled, but Peter could not decide whether he should feel relieved or not. "Yeah, a Coke sounds great."

Stacking two large plates, Peter dumped a handful of cutlery and a few pop cans on top. He tried to ignore the grating clatter of the silverware clanging against the ceramic as his hands shook. “Uh, full disclosure!” he announced as he wedged a small space between stacked boxes of mouth-watering take-out in order to drop the plates. “It’s not actually Coke? May isn’t a big fan of artificial stuff, so this is all I could find.”

Tony picked up a can, carefully inspecting the *Cool Cola* label with a critically narrowed eye and growing smirk. Peter had found them sitting way at the back of the fridge, a forgotten remnant of the last time he hosted a sleepover with Ned. “I’m sure it’s fine, kid.” Depositing the drink back on the table, he ruffled a hand through Peter’s hair.

The teen blushed and ducked his head away, shying away from the attention drawn to his unruly hair. It wasn’t until Tony encouraged him to *“dig in”* that Peter registered the unnecessarily overwhelming amount of *food* piled onto his table. There wasn’t even enough room for every box, so Tony had only popped open the topmost layers.

“This, this is like…” Peter gaped, surely very *unattractively,* at the food. “Too much.” He grimaced as soon as the words flew out of his mouth, grabbing onto Tony’s arm as he reached for a plate. “Not that I’m ungrateful! Really, thank you, but -- we can’t eat all of this!”

With a casual shrug and a pat to the hand now tightly gripping his wrist, Tony said, “Look, kid, whatever we don’t eat, you keep. No big deal. Besides, I wasn’t sure what you liked.”

Peter wondered for a brief moment, as he slowly pried his fingers from Tony’s flesh, whether the man was plagued, even just a sliver, by the same anxiety that dogged every one of Peter’s thoughts and steps. Whether he had stood in the restaurant, perusing a menu and, realizing he had no idea what the teen might want, had panic-ordered everything on the menu. But then he remembered the chauffeur who drove them around most dates. The Rolex watch at their first dinner. He had probably ordered - no, had someone *else* order - a ton of food off the menu, not because he thought Peter might somehow be picky when it comes to Chinese take-out, but because it was *easier.*

“Kid?”

Peter was torn from his thoughts with a graceless, *“Huh?”,* only to realize Tony held a spoonful of deep-golden noodles sauteed with chopped vegetables. “Want some chow mein?”

“Oh, yeah. Smells great.” Peter blushed a little as he held out his plate, like some hungry child waiting to be served. “Thank you.” Tony piled Peter’s plate high with what must have been more than half the box, before scraping the remainder onto his own plate.

“You say that a lot,” Tony observed before repeating the same actions with a box of lemon chicken.

“Does it… bother you?” Peter asked, frowning at the growing disparity between their portion sizes. He hated, sometimes, how unequal and unsure he felt in their relationship; like he was constantly treading water, but no matter how hard he kicked his feet, his head was barely above the surface.

But then Tony would smile at him, like the smile he was receiving now: small, but so full of warmth; no smirk or all-knowing glint in his eyes. Just open, and bare, like there was no disparity between them after all. “No, Peter,” he murmured. Peter fingers shook against the fork in his grasp as Tony’s hand slowly enveloped his, giving a gentle squeeze. “There is nothing about you that could ever bother me.”

The man’s gaze became piercing, as if daring Peter to understand something his brain scrambled to comprehend. He chuckled, weakly, giving in to cowardice as he looked away. “Even though I turned down your watch, and your car, and your company shares?” he asked, trying for light-hearted even as his throat seemed to quiver.

“Like I said, kid.” Tony reinforced his words with one last squeeze, before letting Peter dig into his meal. “Nothing.”

They settled on one of Netflix’s newest releases. It turned out to be an action movie. The plot was simple, and predictable, so they could flitter in and out of conversation. Tony had warned him not to eat “too much,” even as he plied Peter with ginger beef, orange chicken, dumplings, stir-fried vegetables, so much food that he lost track of it all. At least he had an endless teenage appetite to thank, as his stomach was only *slightly* bursting with how full it was when he finally pushed his plate away. He wondered if all the leftovers would even fit in the fridge -- many of the boxes were untouched and unopened. But he concluded that could be *later Peter’s* problem, when Tony’s arm wrapped around his waist and pulled the teen into his side.

Maybe he would leave his hair like this more often, he decided, as Tony’s hand rarely left the mop of curls. As if in support of the decision, Tony murmured, “So beautiful,” as he twisted a curl around his finger before pressing a kiss to Peter’s forehead.

And if Peter absolutely melted into Tony’s side at that, face burning even as he pressed his nose to the ocean-fresh cologne lingering on Tony’s shirt, he should not really be blamed for it. In fact, he was almost lulled to sleep by the time the credits rolled. He could have sworn the beat of his heart matched Tony’s own, steadily thrumming in his ear. That is, until Tony unexpectedly slapped his hands together, immediately sending Peter’s racing.

“So, where’s the bathroom?”

Peter cleared the sleep from his throat as he gestured at the hallway. “Uh, just down there. To the right.”

The man stood, flashing a grin full of pearly whites down at the blinking, bemused boy. “Show me?”

Peter tried to ignore the knots twisting up his insides as he dragged his feet down the hallway, painfully aware of Tony’s leather shoes creaking against the laminate floors. Switching on the light, Peter's lips infinitesimally pursed as the bulb flickered to life, but he thought maybe Tony failed to notice as the man pushed his way through the door frame into the small room.

Peter was about to exit and give Tony some, well, *privacy* when he noticed the man was simply examining the various items splayed along the counter -- half empty toothpaste, May's face and eye creams, Peter's gel deodorant with the cap popped off. Tony nodded, as if to himself. “Wow. Nice. Very… nice.” He cleared his throat, fingers strumming against the cracking porcelain sink. “I see you have faucets, those are good.”

“Uh.” Peter nodded dumbly, unsure of what else to say. Thankfully Tony interrupted before he could say anything else.

“Now, where's your bedroom?”

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

There is an added tag if some readers would like to check it out before reading.

Peter tries to tell himself it's no big deal as Tony walks into his room. The man's just looking around, after all. And even if he *isn't*, well, Peter prepared for that -- the uncomfortable prickle of razor burn between his ass cheeks served as a constant reminder. But, then again, making a slight modification to one's body does not really necessitate being ready… does it? Then again, his *libido* was more than ready; if Tony wasn't coaxing the boy into orgasm with nothing but the timbre of his voice over the phone, then Peter was furiously jacking off to the picture-messages he hoarded from the older man, stored in a secret, password-protected folder.

Consumed in this internal debate as he was, he missed Tony's soft smile as the man's fingers tenderly brushed over the half-built *Lego* robot sitting on Peter's desk, and his low whistle as he admired the scavenged, primitive Macintosh.

It wasn't until Tony muttered, "Jesus, kid," that Peter was startled from his thoughts. His head snapped up as he realized Tony had migrated toward the bed, which was currently on the receiving end of a frightfully dubious glare. "You need a bigger bed," the man said, as he gave the frame a testing rattle.

Well, his assessment was not wrong. Of course, Peter found himself delivering an inappropriately long ramble in response. "Yeah, I mean, I kinda always wanted a bunk bed -- not that, like. Obviously that doesn't apply here, or anything. But, um, for when Ned sleeps over?" Tony gave no sign of cutting in or relieving Peter of his verbal diarrhea in any way. Peter's fingers twisted together as he continued, "'Cause then I have to take the couch. Again, not that -- I'm not gonna take the couch tonight."

He tried to laugh, but the hoarse sound died in his throat when Tony turned to him, brow raising in surprise. "I mean! I'm not *assuming* anything," he was quick to amend, waving his hands to swipe the comment away. "I can totally take the couch if you want."

Tony sank onto the bed. Somehow he managed to make it look even smaller, as he leaned back onto his palms looking far too amused with that teasing uplift to his lips. "You think I came all this way to sleep on a box spring twin all by myself?" he asked as he patted his thigh in invitation. Peter failed to respond, and he motioned once more, with his head, as he spread his legs.

Peter forced his socked feet across the room, heart pounding faster and faster with every step, until he was standing in between the man's parted legs. It gave Peter the illusion of being in

control, to tower over Tony, even if were just a temporary few inches. But he knew, as soon as Tony's fingers first brushed along the line of his jaw and Peter's eyes were helplessly fluttering shut, his lips parting as if to let out a gasp -- he knew that he held no real power. He did not tilt his head down so much as let Tony's fingers guide him, thumb pressed against his chin and fingers curled under his jaw.

Melting into Tony's grasp, his hands braced against the man's chest to keep himself upright. His legs weakened at the warmth of Tony's open lips. Even after all these weeks, he felt like a fumbling youth every time they kissed; his mouth opened too early, his tongue thrust in between Tony's lips too eagerly. Sometimes Tony would try to guide him, subtly; pull back a little, slow their movements. On a few occasions, Peter's tongue had even received a gentle nip from Tony's teeth. But today, he responded in kind -- his hand abandoned Peter's chin in favour of gripping the back of the boy's neck, pulling him closer, closer, until Peter willed his already-hardening cock to *slow down ;* the man's other hand fisted the back of Peter's shirt, pressing into the base of his spine until he had no choice but to press his groin against Tony's stomach.

His toes curled together in his socks, slipping and sliding against each other as he tried desperately to keep his hips from pressing up and thrusting his erection into Tony's stomach. It was a losing battle, though, as Tony's lips detached from his in favour of attacking Peter's neck, biting and sucking at the sensitive skin with a fervour they had previously vowed to avoid (he didn't need to walk around with a bunch of hickeys, after all). His thighs were squeezed so painfully tight in an effort to stay still that he thought his whole body must have been shaking, because suddenly Tony's lips were pulling away -- and not to reattach to Peter's open, panting mouth, apparently.

"You okay, there, kid?"

"Hmm?" Peter murmured. His eyes struggled to open, sluggish as he was under the heady influence of arousal. Then he caught sight of Tony's concerned frown, and he snapped to attention. "H-uh?"

The intensity of Tony's gaze refused to relent as his hands dragged along Peter's forearms until they rested on his tightly squeezed fists, currently trembling against the man's chest. "Wanna slow down?"

"No!"

It may have come out too fast, too desperately, but… Peter could not say he was lying. Tony's pursed lips clearly said the older man was dubious, though he didn't seem mad. Instead he massaged the backs of Peter's hands until the teen finally feel his muscles relaxing, enough so that Tony could slip his fingers between the his.

"It's okay," he murmured, eyes flickering briefly to Peter's lips before settling back on the boy's eyes. "I'm not going anywhere. You're not going anywhere, are you?"

Peter shook his head.

"See?" he said. "Absolutely no need to rush, sweetheart."

“But you told Ned you’re my boyfriend!” Peter blurted out. He slapped his hands over his mouth, as if he could succeed in gathering the soundwaves back into his mouth.

Tony released one of Peter’s hand to scratch at his beard. “Is that not what the kids are calling it these days?” he questioned.

“No, yes, of course it is,” Peter said. He chewed his lips, eyes downcast as he added, “But… it kind of implies that we’re exclusive?” When Tony remained silent, he dared to glance up. The man was simply staring at him. “Uh, going steady?”

“Thanks, kid,” Tony muttered with a roll of his eyes. “As if that phrase isn’t well before even *my* time. But what… hm, what are you trying to say?” He smiled, adopting a too-light tone as the hand still holding Peter’s twitched. “Have you been non-exclusive?”

“No, of course not!” Peter breathed, his free hand thumping against the man’s chest. “I just want to make sure, like, that’s what you really want?” Dinner from earlier became a nauseating brick in Peter’s stomach as he stuttered, “With-with me?”

“Kid,” Tony sighed. “That’s what I’ve been trying to get through your thick skull all this time. What, you think I buy a car for everyone and their mother?”

Peter laughed, hopelessly breathless as he felt his lips spread into an uncontrollable grin. “You offered me 10% of your company’s shares before you even met me,” he pointed out.

Tony snorted as he shifted around, procuring a phone out from his back pocket. It was sleek and clear, and almost as thin as paper. Peter frowned as he found the device shoved into his face, too busy admiring the advanced technology, well beyond his means, until -- *Oh* . He was staring at the picture he had sent Tony that very first night. Peter looked absolutely *ridiculous ,* of course, all frizzy hair and ruddy cheeks with a shitty, grainy camera quality.

“That’s your background,” he realized quietly. The picture was interrupted by multitude of icons dotting the screen.

Tony looked as close to abashed as Peter thought was possible -- he shrugged, quickly pocketing the phone as he glanced away. “‘Course.”

“Woah. You’re, like, *really* serious,” Peter said.

If Tony had been forced to break eye contact before, he made up for it now; his dark gaze narrowed as he focused on Peter’s expression, eyes flickering as if scrutinizing every minute detail. “Does that scare you off, kid?” he asked, a slight edge to his voice

In lieu of a response, Peter surged forward, smashing his lips against Tony’s. He missed, by a few millimetres, overcome with excitement as he was. But the man did not seem to mind, squeezing Peter’s hips almost painfully tight. “No,” Peter said, barely managing to pry himself off long enough to respond. “I think I am, too.”

Peter was under no illusions about his own naivete, and it was not like hearing these words from Tony rid him of all his fears and hesitations. But he had to admit, as he let himself settle

into Tony’s lap, and he felt Tony’s arms wrap around his waist, that it felt… different. He was no longer consumed by his thoughts; instead, he let himself become consumed by Tony's touch. The pleasurable jolt that went straight to his stomach when Tony's teeth sank into his bottom lip. The fiery drag of Tony's fingertips, always calloused and rough, so unlike a rich man's. Peter's spine curved in anticipation as those fingers danced along his back, pressing closer and closer toward the line of vertebrae.

He thought he might do anything to feel Tony's tongue slick against his throat once more. But words failed him, and instead he squirmed in anticipation. It was the wrong move -- or perhaps the best one, after all, because he was rewarded with a deep groan as Tony's hands slipped down to squeeze his ass. He could feel the man’s fingers digging into the fabric and it was so easy to press back into them. The thought of Tony's hands there, without any fabric between them, sent a throbbing ache straight to his core.

Breathing was becoming increasingly difficult, with his nose smushed against Tony's cheek and his mouth being swallowed up between the man's lips. He forced his head to the side, breaking their kiss as he gasped for breath.

“Off, off,” he panted as soon as he was able, rucking the man's shirt up to his chest. Thankfully, Tony took over at that point, ripping the material over his head as Peter's tremorous hands explored his chest.

Peter's shirt soon followed suit, but he didn't have time to be shy -- to compare his pale skin with Tony's tanned abs -- because he found himself forced onto his back against the bed, with Tony looming over him.

“Still doing okay?” Tony asked, as if the answer could ever be *no* when it was followed by a tongue flicking against his ear. As the tongue curved along the shell of his ear, Peter was rather proud of himself for even being able to emit a weak, “Yes.”

He fell into a rhythm, rutting his hips against Tony's without even realising it until the man reached down, hand flattening against Peter’s lower abdomen and firmly pressing the teen's hips into the mattress.

“Fuck, kid,” the man groaned. His fingernails dug into the boy's skin. “Can I touch you?”

Peter wished he could that say those words alone, whispered roughly into his ear, didn't make him almost come in his pants. But, well, the gush of precome suddenly soaking his boxers was pretty undeniable.

“Pete?”

“Y-yeah.” The word was a garbled mess coming from his throat. But apparently Tony was fluent in overwhelmingly-aroused-teen, because his palm slid down to cup Peter's hard-on through his jeans.

The groan Peter released was nothing short of guttural, head thrashing to the side as his whole body seemed to ache in time with the throbbing of his heart. Tony's hand began to move, to rub his cock through his pants, and *fuck* it really couldn't get any better than this--

Tony's nose nudged against Peter's slack jaw as he huffed. “I don't want you to come yet, Pete,” he warned.

Peter's eyes squeezed shut, hands balling into fists so tightly that his nails dug into skin as he tried to stave off orgasm. His attempt was aided, torturously, by the removal of Tony's hand.

“Can I take these off?”

The hand had not removed entirely, after all -- Tony's fingers plucked teasingly at the fly on the teen's jeans. Scared of what horrendous sound would come out if he so much as attempted to speak, Peter reached down and pulled at the buttons himself. Tony sat up in favour of watching Peter wriggle out of the material, a feat made much more difficult by his erection. He briefly considered being really brave, by tugging off his boxers as well in one fell swoop. But he chickened out, inevitably, and he sat up to kick off the pants.

The dark red material of his boxers did nothing to hide the precome soaking through, and he drew his knees in toward his chest. It was possible the man had not seen, though, as he reached over and ruffled a hand through Peter's disastrous mess of hair.

“You still doing okay?” he murmured,

It would not be an exaggeration to say Peter's lip quivered as he begged, “Please touch me.”

It had been so long since he had touched himself; he had obeyed Tony's instructions without question, yet the man seemed oblivious to Peter's struggle now. His cock throbbed with undeniable need and yet, he was waiting on Tony -- for permission, or, or, *something* that said he was okay, maybe even *good* --

A warm hand settled on the back of his thigh as Tony leaned across the teen's body, lips attaching to Peter's shoulder. Peter sighed, head tipping back in silent invitation. The hand slid slowly, slowly up the bare skin of his thigh before pausing at the fabric's edge, boxers pulled taut against his skin. Peter welcomed the touch, though; and so he curved his hip into the air, just enough to force Tony's fingers under the edge of the fabric.

He just -- honestly, he wanted nothing more in that moment than for Tony's fingers inside him. Wasn't even sure he could take this arousal any longer; his cheeks were on fire, his jaw ached from gritting his teeth. His stomach was a horrible jumble of anticipatory knots, and his cock was one brush away from release.

And so. He flung his leg over Tony's shoulder. The back of his knee settled comfortably against the joint, his heel pressed into the man's ribs. And clearly Tony appreciated the bold move, given his muffled *“ Fuck ”* against Peter's throat as his hand slid over Peter's bare ass.

The moment Tony's finger pressed against Peter's hole -- the man wasted no ceremony, after all -- he could have come.

If not for the way Tony's head jerked up, lips detaching from Peter's roughened up throat with an audible *smack* . “Baby,” he cooed. “Are you always this smooth?”

“N-no,” Peter admitted. He had not thought it possible for his face to flush anymore -- and was currently being proven wrong.

His embarrassment faded, replaced with something more akin to worry as Tony groaned and pressed his face into Peter's knee, still resting on the man's shoulder. He mumbled something the boy could not make out.

“Ah, what?”

“I don't know what I did to deserve you,” Tony said. Peter could not be sure if it was what he had said originally, but it warmed his heart nonetheless. “But fuck, I have you,” Tony continued, pinching the soft skin of Peter's thigh between his teeth. “Can I taste you?

Admittedly, Peter was still sifting through all of what Tony had said even as he nodded in response. *Taste me ?*

He understood what Tony must mean, of course, and then had to smother an embarrassing smile behind his palm as he realized he was going to be *sucked off* for the first time ever. Tony was such an amazing kisser, Peter could not even fathom what the man's mouth would feel like on his dick. He eagerly wriggled out of his boxers as Tony began to pull them down. So caught up in his giddy thoughts, he barely registered the room doing a 180 as he was flipped onto his stomach.

Tony's thumbs dug into his asscheeks, a warning for which Peter failed to account before they were pried open, and in between slipped Tony's tongue.

And, okay. Peter was naive, but he was not completely *clueless* . He had seen this tons of times in porn, and hadn't really… considered it something *real* people would do, but. Tony's tongue was so slick, and wet, and *hot ,* and he was laving against Peter's ass like he intended worship this singular part of the boy with his tongue alone.

Tantalizing as it was, it took a moment of Peter squirming around, half-tempted to pull out of the man's grasp, until he finally adjusted. Allowed his muscles to relax. His legs to spread apart, his back to arch, head dropping between his shoulders.

Tony, so attuned to Peter, seemed to notice the shift; his tongue flexed and pressed, determined now, into Peter's throbbing hole. The teen could not help but clench up; it felt so foreign, and a bit wrong, and could Tony really even enjoy this…?

The tip of his tongue managed to push inside and Tony was instantly moaning, arms wrapping around Peter's thighs and forcing the boy's ass impossibly closer. He pulled away for just a moment -- and Peter was surprised at how *empty* he felt in that moment -- and sounded utterly wrecked at he said, “Sweetheart, you're fucking delicious.”

Peter's arms, shaking almost violently, could no longer support him. His elbows slid across the comforter until he had a face full of fabric to smother his moan. It was much easier, as Tony resumed the onslaught of his tongue with renewed vigour, to will his muscles to relax. And it was well worth it, as Tony's tongue prodded its way further in, each new millimetre celebrated with a moan.

It almost felt as though Peter were losing time; he was aware of his face pressed against the bed, but all he could sense was the hot press of Tony's tongue. The slick saliva coating his ass cheeks, the quiver in his thighs as they begged to give out, even the drool pouring out of his lax mouth -- all of it took a backseat, at least momentarily. And when Tony pressed his thumb into the skin beneath Peter's asshole, the surge of arousal shooting through his body seemed to alight all his nerve-endings at once.

“Fuck!”

It was as if once his mouth opened to say the word, he couldn't stop himself. “Fuck, fuck, fuck, *fuck* - Tony, Tony, I-”

“Shh, shh,” Tony cut in. “I got you, sweetie.” One of the man's hands released its vice grip on Peter's thigh, only to reach out and find Peter's own hand, desperately fisting the comforter. “I know what you need okay?”

What he needed, apparently, was Tony's tongue to be joined by the burning stretch of his thumb.

“Oh, oh my-” Peter's voice faltered as his eyes watered. “Oh my *God*.”

As it turned out, Tony was not wrong.

Peter came, instantly, without any thought given to waiting for Tony's approval. He came without a single touch to his cock, which jerked helplessly between his stomach and the bed.

Tony was saying something, but it was beyond the realm of Peter's senses in that moment. He was aware only of the abating ache in his groin, and Tony's hand, slick with sweat and squeezing Peter's. He tried to squeeze back, to communicate something, but he forgot how to program his muscles to respond.

His legs gave up, before too long. This time he heard Tony's words -- *“No, don't -”* -- but he didn’t register their meaning until his belly was already smushed against the come-covered blanket.

“Hmm, s’okay,” he decided.

He was rolled onto his back, at some point, and a scratchy cloth wiped his stomach clean. He was not entirely sure what happened to the spot; he could barely comprehend it as a problem that needed fixing, at this point. All he knew was that finally, at last, Tony was settling into bed alongside him. It was a tight squeeze, even with Peter wedged right up against the wall and Tony wrapping his arms around the teen, pulling him so close as to physically meld together.

But it was comfortable, somehow. Perhaps the most comfortable Peter had ever felt, with Tony's heart (fast, at first, but now slowing) beating against his chest, his fingers brushing through Peter's sweaty curls, breath fanning the boy's burning cheek.

Until, of course, there was a chuckle in his ear and, “Nice *Star Wars* sheets, by the way.”

Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

> An ENORMOUSLY huge thank you to every single person who has read this fic, left kudos, comments, etc. I hope this isn't a disappointment. The love and kindness I've received in this fandom is so overwhelming sometimes. I've read every single comment over the past months and please know that they never fail to brighten my day.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Like most mornings since hitting puberty, Peter woke up hard. His body, of course, gave no consideration to the man sleeping behind him -- his *boyfriend ,* whose arm was slung over his hip, fingers currently tapping an incomprehensible beat against Peter's stomach.

"What's wrong, kid?" Tony asked. And *God,* it should be illegal for him to speak so early in the morning; his voice was hoarse and scratchy with sleep, and had Peter's toes curled into the sheets in response.

He tried, and most likely failed, to turn onto his stomach with great subtlety. "Nothing," he lied, even as his aching cock begged to differ. "Do you want breakfast? I-I can make… eggs? Or, um…"

It was hard to think of suggestions, because Tony was now humming as he pressed light kisses to Peter's shoulder. His fingers danced down Peter's spine, coming to a stop at his tailbone just above the waistband of his boxers. He had no recollection of getting partially re-dressed the night before, but assumed Tony must have pulled them back on for him.

"Are you offering, Petey?"

Tony's eyes were half-lidded, staring up through his thick, dark lashes. It was his lips, curving into a mischievous little grin, that gave him away; Peter's cheeks flushed as he thought of last night. Tony's smile widened as his fingertips pressed into the teen's skin, forcing his groin into the mattress. The boy's head turned, unsuccessfully burying a groan into the single pillow they shared.

He could feel, more than hear, Tony's chuckle. The man's fingers curled, so his nails grazed Peter's skin, and the boy couldn't stop his spine from arching in response. "So responsive," Tony murmured, gently brushing his nose against the ridge of Peter's cheekbone that remained exposed. "To every little thing. Aren't you, darling?"

The bite of Tony's nails were replaced by a soothing stroke of his hand. There was a brief pause, then Tony cleared his throat and asked, "You doing alright there, Pete?"

“Mmm,” Peter assented. “It’s just, uh,” he stammered as he forced himself to turn back to Tony with a tight smile. “Morning breath!” His exclamation was likely more excited than such a topic warranted, but he was overjoyed to have found an excuse to rush off to the bathroom and deal with his, ah, *situation* in private. “Yeah, so I should probably --”

Tony grabbed a hold of Peter’s wrists and easily flipped him onto his back. He towered over Peter, one knee settling between his spread legs. The grip on his wrists was limp, and Peter could have easily pulled away; yet his mind was overcome with tantalizing images of Tony’s fingers biting into his flesh and mercilessly pinning him into the mattress.

“Think a little morning breath is going to stop me?” Tony teased, leaning forward to cover Peter’s mouth in an exaggeratedly sloppy kiss, tongue worming its way between the teen’s lips.

“Mmf,” Peter groaned half-heartedly in mock protest as he twisted in the man’s grip. Tony’s mouth was warm and wet, and any concerns of morning breath (or *wood)* slipped out of mind as he lost himself in the sleepy haze of an early morning make-out. One of Tony’s hands twisted in his hair, with soothing strokes that eased into gentle tugs; the other hand stroked Peter’s side, squeezed his hip, rubbed his belly. Peter’s own hands, now free from being pinned, remained pressed into the mattress. His arms felt weak with sleep, even as his fingers twitched to mimic Tony’s touch -- he longed to know if a sharp tug on Tony’s hair would, too, send a shiver down the man’s spine, whether he would feel a hardened cock against his thigh if he pressed down on the small of Tony’s back.

The last question, at least, was answered for him as Tony pulled away from Peter’s mouth with a heavy sigh, his eyes darting between Peter’s parted lips and half-lidded gaze. As he dropped his head to Peter’s throat instead, wetting the sensitive skin there with open-mouthed kisses, he shifted his weight to rest more heavily atop the teen. Peter moaned, utterly unabashed, the back of his head digging further into his pillow as he felt Tony’s hips press into his.

Fingers pulling Peter’s hair into a sharp twist, Tony groaned; the rough sound caught in the man’s throat, coming out more like a growl. “Pete, sweetie,” he grumbled, his kisses turning temporarily into stinging bites of teeth. Whatever it was meant to be -- a command, or maybe a question -- melted away, unspoken, as he continued a biting path along the teen’s collarbone and chest.

Peter’s hands came alive, finally, muscles springing into action when Tony’s mouth closed around his nipple and gently sucked. He flailed for a second, throat forming wordless sounds, before his hands finally settled on the man’s tensed biceps. “Oh,” he gasped, the foreign sensation sending his stomach into a jumble of knots.

Tony pulled off with a gentle *smack ,* resting his chin on Peter’s sternum as he smirked up at the boy. “Should we continue where we left off last night?” His dark eyes tracked Peter’s features, from his still-wet lips to his flushed cheeks and slightly furrowed brow.

Left off? Peter wondered, though the thought was abruptly forgotten as his ass clenched in anticipation at just the memory of last night. His eager nods elicited a soft chuckle from Tony, who pressed a kiss to Peter’s gently heaving chest before pushing up onto his elbows.

“What do you normally use?” He leaned across the bed, a whoosh of cool air hitting Peter’s torso at the loss of body heat.

Before Peter could even fathom the question, Tony yanked open the top drawer of the nightstand. Clucking his tongue, he glanced back over his shoulder at the teen, a single brow raised as he slowly shook his head. “Sweetheart, this just won’t do.”

“I-it works fine!” Peter protested, sitting up in a panic as Tony stood from the bed. His immaturity felt so stark all of sudden, with his baby oil and teenage morning wood and *lack of experience.* It’s not like it made all that much difference -- if May pulled out the drawer and saw *baby oil* instead of real *lubricant,* it’s not like she wouldn’t *know* what he used it for. Not that she looked through his things anyway; she had learned to trust a long time ago that the worst trouble he could get himself into was pulling an all-nighter gaming with Ned that made him late for a class in the morning -- and *besides ,* he was eighteen now anyway, and even if he was too nervous to go into one of those Adult Stores, with their brightly blinking signs, all he really had to do was go to the pharmacy section of any grocery store.

He had the urge to apologize, come up with some excuse -- *my real lube just ran out ,* never mind that the bottle of baby oil was a few inches from empty -- but he swallowed it down as the mattress shifted with the return of Tony’s weight.

“Good thing I always come prepared, huh?” the man said, grinning widely as he settled back on top of Peter, one hand gripping a sleek black tube and a gold foil square. Peter audibly swallowed, gaze stuck on the little packet. “As much as I can with you, anyways,” Tony muttered as he pressed a kiss to Peter’s cheek.

“Huh?” Peter questioned dumbly, forcing his eyes away from the condom to Tony’s gently smiling face.

“No one’s ever managed to make me feel so overwhelmingly unprepared,” Tony explained softly, pressing another kiss to Peter’s opposite cheek. “Even when I took over the company at twenty-one,” he continued, the bristles of his unshaved cheek scraping against Peter’s skin as he leaned into the boy’s ear. “Never thought anything would scare me more than the thought of disappointing my old man, even fresh in his grave.”

The last part was such a soft whisper, Peter wondered if he hadn’t misheard. He jerked back nonetheless, cupping Tony’s cheek and forcing his head up when the man tried to lean down once more. “Tony,” he murmured, too taken aback to say more. Tony looked anywhere but Peter’s face, jaw clenching and lips pursing as his shuttered gaze settled somewhere around Peter’s shoulder. Peter’s thumb lifted to stroke under the man’s eye, from the wrinkles forming in the corner to the undereye bags that never seemed to lessen from their puffy fatigue. “Thank you for telling me.”

Tony glanced up at last, appearing almost startled before he relaxed into Peter’s hold, allowing his head to tilt into the teen’s open palm as the two simply stared at each other. But the moment passed, inevitably, with Tony pressing a tender kiss to the heel of Peter’s palm before shooting him a sly grin. “Sorry, I’ve been informed that casual mentions of death aren’t exactly sexy. Shall I try something else?”

“I don’t think you could do anything without b-being sexy,” Peter blurted out as Tony commenced with a rapid trail of kisses down the teen’s chest and stomach. It was far from the appropriate thing to say -- he was internally kicking himself, half-expecting Tony to recoil or admonish him. But, perhaps unsurprisingly, the man just chucked before prodding his tongue into Peter’s belly button.

“Oh Pete, your flattery never fails to impress,” he said, not unkindly, kissing lower and lower until his face hovered just above the teen’s boxers. “I’d love nothing more than to taste more of you,” he whispered, darting down to press his lips against the tip of Peter’s cock through the thin fabric. Peter moaned, flopping down against the mattress as his hands fisted in the sheets. “But I *really* need to feel you all around me right now. What do you think?”

“I, uh -- yes,” Peter agreed, eyes fluttering shut just at the sensation of breath warming him through the cloth.

There was a chuckle, then the feeling of Tony’s nose and mouth and cheek rubbing against his groin. “To which one, Pete?”

The teen groaned in frustration; it was cruel and unfair, the way Tony expected his brain and mouth to work together to answer a question even as the man pressed another kiss to the fabric, right where precome gathered at the head. “The, ah, I want to --” He broke off at another kiss. *“ Feel you* inside me, please.”

Tony hummed, pressing one last parting kiss to Peter’s clothed cock before crawling back up to Peter’s eye level. “Good choice,” he praised, enveloping the boy’s lips in a kiss. Lips and tongue keeping Peter woefully occupied, a large hand squeezed the teen’s hipbone before tugging at his boxers. With a belated realization, Peter wriggled his hips into the air to allow the fabric to be pulled off.

He could feel Tony’s eyes on him, staring at every new inch of flesh, and Peter tried to distract himself by grabbing a fistful of the forgotten blanket and flinging it over their forms. He didn’t miss Tony’s gentle headshake, but at least the man didn’t say anything. Besides, any lingering self-consciousness was quickly quashed when Tony squirted some lubricant onto his palm and, without much ceremony, wrapped his hand around Peter’s cock.

Peter almost forgot there was a larger goal in mind here -- he burrowed the side of his face into the pillow, hips squirming, toes curling into the sheet as he luxuriated in the sensation of rough, wet skin sliding against his cock.

“I could make you come just like this,” Tony crooned, tongue laving at the corner of Peter’s open mouth. “Hell, you’d probably bounce back in under a minute.” A chuckle was smothered against the boy’s cheek. “But I just can’t wait that long, baby boy.”

Peter hummed his agreement, eyes slipping shut as his jawline was peppered with kisses. He might have startled at the sensation of a finger prodding at his hole, if not for Tony’s legs pinning his down. The hand gripping his cock tightened, Tony’s mouth sucking a bruise into the skin of his throat just shy of painful, as the finger pressed in. Peter shifted minutely, brows tightening as he adjusted to the growing pressure.

“That’s good, so good,” Tony encouraged as his finger pushed in, further and further, until Peter could feel the back of the man’s other fingers pressed against his skin. His hands felt empty so suddenly, unfulfilled by the clench of fabric under his skin; he reached out, clinging to Tony’s broad shoulders, feeling the muscle and bone shifting with every movement.

Peeling his eyes open, Peter forced himself to turn his head forward. He was caught, instantly, by the intensity of Tony’s gaze. His cheeks were flushed, bottom lip caught between his teeth, brows pulled almost into a scowl as his dark eyes bore down into Peter’s. The teen was forced to look away, couldn’t handle the way his lungs seemed to constrict when he met Tony’s gaze. Instead he let his eyes roam over the man’s bare chest, one hand releasing Tony’s shoulder to trail after the path of his gaze.

He began shifting again as a second finger began its press inside, but he was soon distracted from the burning stretch by Tony’s mouth on his once more. It wasn’t long before two fingers pumped in and out of him, and Peter’s whimpers morphed into throaty moans. His hands, previously unsure of their place on Tony’s skin, clenched until his nails bit into the man’s flesh. Tony moaned his approval, followed by a third finger worming its way inside Peter. It was the same as before -- a stretch, a burn, and somehow Peter’s body relaxed against the intrusion. He wondered, vaguely, if he had somehow lost count, didn’t understand how easy it seemed when last night, Tony’s *thumb* had seemed so overwhelming.

Tony’s hand, which had gradually slowed its jerky movements, came to a stop on Peter’s cock. He pulled away from Tony’s lips, whining, “No, no, Tony…”

“Need your help, sweetheart,” Tony interrupted. His chin jerked in the direction of the condom, still laying a few feet from them. “I’m afraid I’m… occupied at the moment.” His words were accompanied by a wriggle of his fingers inside Peter’s ass, nudging against something that had the teen crying out.

“O-okay,” Peter agreed as soon as his mouth could cooperate. He grabbed the foil packet and held it between them, fingers shaking slightly as he fumbled with the serrated edges.

“Careful, kid,” Tony admonished gently. “Don’t rip it.” His fingers kept up a gentle rhythm, though they seemed to almost purposefully avoid that spot he had hit earlier.

Peter’s breath caught in his throat as he carefully, carefully ripped the packet open to reveal translucent yellow latex inside. He pulled the condom out, almost startled as his fingers rubbed against the unexpectedly slippery material.

His eyes lifted from the condom to Tony’s face, hand hovering between them. Tony huffed in amusement, darting down to press a quick kiss to the tip of Peter’s nose. “Think you can manage this part, Pete?”

Swallowing around the sudden dryness of his throat, Peter nodded with forced confidence. He had somehow avoided seeing Tony’s cock until now -- Tony had remained mostly dressed last night, and Peter couldn’t even say when this morning Tony had shed the rest of his clothes, distracted as he had been by the man’s touch. But now his eyes traced downward, past Tony’s chest and the small trail of dark hair starting at his belly and covering his groin. Peter licked his lips, his free hand reaching out to brush against the man’s hardened cock, just

the barest graze of his fingertips along the shaft. He felt Tony's shudder, all the way down to the fingers still inside him.

He quickly glanced up, half-worried, but was met with Tony's eyes half-closed in pleasure. "Time for that later, Pete," the man managed between clenched teeth. "C'mon."

Peter tried his best to recall the sex ed classes he had only half paid attention to -- pinched the tip, rolled it down gently until it hit the base of Tony's cock. He pulled away slightly, only to return his hand, squeezing his fingers around the condom-covered shaft. He gave a quick, slight pump, swelling with pride when the action was rewarded with a low moan. Peter laughed, though it came out more like a shuddery exhale; he felt oddly empowered, despite how small his hand looked wrapped around Tony's cock.

"Alright, alright," Tony grumbled, his gruff impatience belied by the strain in his voice. "You trying to make me beg, kid?"

Peter's cock twitched at the mental image of the man above him begging, but before he could respond, Tony leaned down until his nose was smushed against the teen's. "Please, Pete," he rasped, eyes wide and dangerously serious. "Will you let me fuck you, baby?"

"Ye-ah." Peter's voice cracked, because of *course* it did, but it didn't matter, because suddenly Tony's fingers were pulling out, only to be replaced by the blunt head of Tony's cock. "Ah!" he hissed, fighting a grimace from the sharp stinging-stretch.

One of Tony's hands found his, tacky with drying lube, but Peter couldn't care less, clinging desperately tight. Tony's expression was the picture of barely-held restraint, jaw muscles twitching against a painful clench. "You -?"

"Yes!" Peter exclaimed before Tony could even finish his question, one leg flinging over the back of Tony's thigh to pull him closer. The pain was still there, aching and sharp, but he was overwhelmed by a deep-seated *need* to be filled. He stretched his free arm across Tony's back, fingers settling against the man's tailbone to press him down further.

Soon, that inching inward press was replaced by a gentle back-forth motion. "Fuck," Tony grunted, pressing his face into Peter's neck. The word was punctuated by a more forceful thrust, one that had the muscles of his lower abdomen clenching as heat spread through his stomach.

"Yes," he gasped again, followed unthinkingly by, "Harder, daddy."

Tony's entire body froze, hips immediately halting mid-thrust as his head lifted, mouth almost comically agape. "What did you just say?" he demanded lowly, the fingers cradling Peter's hand tightening until his bones crushed together.

"I, ah." Peter floundered for a moment as his brain struggled to catch up with his mouth. He was cajoled into speaking when Tony's other hand, previously resting on the mattress somewhere near Peter's head, gripped his hipbone tight enough to bruise. The teen moaned, thrusting down onto the man's cock in response. "Daddy," he moaned again, this time staring up into Tony's eyes. "Harder, please, daddy, I- "

Peter's desperate pleas were cut off by a rough kiss, Tony's teeth clanging painfully against his with the voracity of it. His hand was left throbbing against the sheet as Tony's fingers twisted in his hair, yanking his head back even as his lips followed the movement. Peter could scarcely even breathe, his mouth filled with Tony's tongue and his nose partially blocked by Tony's own.

And it felt -- *amazing.* His remaining leg curled around Tony's backside, ankles locking together and pressing downward. His nails scraped along the man's spine, while his free hand clutched at the hair on the back of Tony's neck. A testing tug was rewarded by a sharp thrust of hips, followed by a much harsher tug on his own hair.

Tony pulled away with one last bite to Peter's bottom lip. "Don't stop, don't ever stop," was all he managed to pant before covering Peter's cheek and jaw with sloppy, wet kisses.

The hand on his hip maneuvered Peter until his lower back was slightly lifted from the mattress, then Tony drove forward once more. It had Peter crying out hoarsely, his muscles clenching so tightly that he worried he was only a moment away from orgasm.

"God, kid, I don't even need to hold you back," Tony groaned in the boy's ear. As if in response to Peter's thoughts, his hand wrapped around the teen's cock. "You're gonna make me come already."

Possibly intending to follow through on that thought, Tony's hips snapped against Peter's hard enough to make the bed shake . He repeated the motion once, twice -- each time to Peter's galvanizing cries -- when a low croak came from below them.

He couldn't be sure Tony had even heard anything, and Peter himself paid it no mind; he was slick with sweat, and his ankles could barely stay twisted together behind Tony's thighs. He squeezed his legs tighter, pulling Tony even deeper inside him, until his knees could almost touch. His fingers were starting to grow tingly, and his ass ached from emptiness for the few short seconds Tony would pull back.

And then suddenly he fell -- they both did. Not their whole bodies, just their midsections, as a section of the mattress lurched toward the floor. It was only by a few inches, but the momentum had Tony slamming into him on the painful side of rough.

"Shit!" Peter exclaimed, glancing around wildly as it took him a moment to realize a piece of wood in his bed frame must have broken.

"You okay?" Tony demanded, the fingers in Peter's hair gentling to a soothing stroke. "Did I hurt you, Pete?"

Peter could feel the man starting to pull out, and his legs tightened in response. "No, wait, let's just -- 'm so close, Tony, please."

Tony licked his lips, eyeing the mattress in consideration for the barest of seconds before nodding in agreement. "You're fucking wild, kid," he muttered, before gently working his hips once more.

“Only ‘cause of you,” Peter murmured in response, lifting his head to muffle Tony’s responding groan with a kiss.

Their newfound position meant Tony’s stomach pressed much more closely against Peter’s, trapping his cock between their sweat-slick skin. The friction made his toes curl, pressing into the flesh of Tony’s thighs and silently encouraging him to go *faster, harder.* Neither of them had a wit between them to care for the complaining creaks from below, or the way they sunk deeper and deeper toward the floor. There was a thrust, then Tony grinded his hips into Peter in a short, jerky circle, and that press of Tony’s cock inside him had Peter crying out, a weakening numbness spreading through his limbs as his belly clenched and spasmed.

“Fuck… yeah, Pete,” Tony grunted between harsh, faltering thrusts. The teen struggled to see past the waves of his orgasm; he was distantly aware of Tony’s hand slipping between them, the callused tips of his fingers trailing through the puddle of come trapped between their stomachs.

Tony came soon afterward, with a hoarse, drawn-out groan he buried in Peter’s shoulder. He was all too aware he had come thrice, now, in his boyfriend’s arms without being able to witness Tony’s in return -- and yet he could barely summon the physical might to twitch his fingers, much less tip Tony’s face toward him so he could gawk at him. But any vague disappointment was quickly forgotten when Tony began to pull out, and as delicate as he tried to be, Peter’s face scrunched up at the stinging burn of it.

Tony kissed him, with gentle presses of his lips, until the sensation abated and Peter could relax once more. “Said something about breakfast, kid?”

They showered -- separately, to Peter’s disappointment and simultaneous relief. Tony mentioned something about needing to make a call, and besides, “If I had your wet body all pressed against me, we wouldn’t be going anywhere, kid.”

He washed up as quickly as possible, to conserve the hot water for Tony. The man showed his appreciation by pressing Peter up against the wall, with the teen clinging to his towel one-handed as the water from his sopping wet hair dripped into his eyes.

Tony had no fresh clothes, and instead pulled on the same outfit from last night as if he had been unsure of his welcome to stay the night. Peter shrugged into a pair of jeans and a shirt that had two atoms and a joke about a missing electron.

Making their way into the hall, Peter had just pulled the keys from his back pocket when Tony spun him around and pulled him in for a kiss. One hand tangled in his hair, providing a decent distraction as Tony tugged the keys from his lax grip.

“Allow me,” Tony purred, nipping at Peter’s earlobe as he locked up the apartment.

There was a man standing at the entrance of the building when they walked outside, most likely waiting on the shoddy intercom system to be let in. Peter shot him a polite smile on the way out, but apparently sex put his boyfriend in a great mood, because Tony gave the man a

rather jovial handshake. Or maybe that's how Tony's world worked -- maybe it was just customary to shake everyone's hand when you are a fancy businessman.

He squinted against the bright sun, looking out for a flashy car along the road when a heavy arm wrapped around his shoulders. "C'mon, kid, thought we could use a walk this morning," Tony explained as he steered the boy down the street.

Breakfast (or lunch, actually, given the time) was at a small, local diner, and it was lovely. But more than that, it was *uncomplicated.* Tony looked out of place -- with his Ray-Bans permanently in place and the sleeves of his expensive jacket neatly rolled to his elbows -- yet he fit in more seamlessly than Peter would have ever thought possible. He affected a lazy grin for their kind but exhausted waitress, arms spread out and leaning back against the sticky vinyl booth without a care.

The walk back to the apartment was meandering and aimless, and Peter let himself simply enjoy how easy it was to twist their fingers together as their steps fell in sync.

"My aunt's going to be home soon," Peter said as they approached the front doors of his apartment building. "And it's not that I don't want you to come back up, or-or even meet her, it's just…" The previously casual flow of their conversation had to come to an end, of course, with Peter tripping over himself to explain. "Uh. I should probably finish cleaning, and I'm not sure if this is the right time, y'know, 'cause she'll get all these ideas, and--"

Tony snorted, tugging Peter closer until the teen practically tripped into his side. Abruptly letting go of his hand, Tony's arm wrapped around Peter's shoulders, holding him close. "One of these days, I'm going to be left thinking I'm some kind of dirty secret, kid."

"No!" Peter cried, twisting out of Tony's grip to stare up at him with as much earnestness as he could muster. "She knows all about you, it's just--"

"Shh, shh, shh," Tony murmured. He backed Peter up until his back hit the brick framing the apartment's front door. "Kid, know when I'm yanking your chain, yeah? We'll meet when you're ready."

There was a moment lost exchanging lazy kisses against the wall, until Tony pulled away and tugged him toward the front door. A man stood there, unfamiliar to Peter, paused with the door propped open for them questioningly.

Tony gave the man a nod in thanks and a handshake after pushing Peter through the opening ahead of him. "I'll walk you to your door, 'kay, Pete?"

It wasn't until they were upstairs, and Tony was unlocking his front door that Peter remembered Tony had held onto the keys this whole time. Reluctant to say goodbye just yet, Peter turned around and pressed himself against the door before it could be opened. He pushed onto his toes for the scant inch between them, eyes falling shut as he savoured the moment. Tony hummed appreciatively, crowding against Peter until the handle and jut of the keys dug into his back.

“How’d I… get so lucky?” Tony murmured, pulling away only slightly to brush his nose along Peter’s cheek.

“I dunno,” Peter mumbled as he pressed small, slightly hesitant kisses against the stubble of Tony’s own cheek.

The man pulled back abruptly, tugging off his sunglasses to reveal a frown. As his eyes searched Peter’s bemused expression, his brows only pulled tighter together. “You really don’t, do you?” he asked.

“Um.” Peter’s tongue felt too fat for his mouth all of a sudden, and his lips fumbled to form an intelligible response.

“Your aunt’s going to be home soon,” Tony reminded him, pressing one last kiss to Peter’s forehead before gently disengaging from Peter’s arms, which had somehow wound up around his neck.

“Right, yeah. Um, Tony?”

The man paused, glasses still settled halfway down the bridge of his nose.

“I, ah… had a really good time.” Peter winced as his throat creaked partway through, the words coming out more as a question than a sentiment.

But Tony smiled anyways, pushing the sunglasses into place and reaching out to ruffle the boy’s hair. “Me too, Petey.”

He stepped into the apartment, but only half-closed the door before peeking his head outside. He watched Tony saunter down the hall, but when the man paused at the edge of the staircase as if he might look back, Peter jerked inside and slammed the door shut.

There wasn’t nearly as much cleaning as he had expected; Tony must have returned to the living room after Peter had fallen asleep the night before. The pop cans were in the recycling bin, and the leftovers were stuffed into the refrigerator with a thoughtful organization.

He had forgotten all about his bed, in fact, until he stepped into his bedroom and was met not with a busted twin, but with a metal-framed bunk bed.

“Holy *crap!”* he exclaimed, turning around every which way as if he expected the old one to be shoved into some corner.

Approaching it slowly, Peter gave the edge of the mattress a testing poke with his finger. The material sunk in with an easy give before springing back into place. Surprisingly, it lacked Tony’s trademark ostentatious style; it was underwhelmingly basic, with simple gray bars and a full-sized frame that provided more comfort than a twin without eating up too much space in the small room.

Peter’s first thought wasn’t to wonder how Tony had managed this, or *why ,* how much it cost and whether he could somehow return it. Instead all he could think was *How do I explain this*

to May , as if he was already resigned to acceptance. And Peter wasn't sure how to feel about that at all.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you again to everyone who is reading this right now, especially anyone who has been waiting since it first began (if y'all exist). <3

~~Peter and Tony breaking Peter's bed while having sex and Tony secretly buying him a new one is a scene I have wanted to write since I first decided to expand the one-shot into a multi-chap fic, but dang, it took them so bloody long to get here.~~

Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

> Hi!! A quick, important note: I am terrible at my own continuity, and had to make some slight changes retroactively to chapter 5: (1) Ned is in a relationship with Betty; (2) Peter was, in fact, a virgin (I believe a reader actually pointed this hiccup out to me previously, but I ah, did not realize they were completely correct!!! My apologies!). Very minor alterations, but still important ;)
>
> This is the final chapter of this story, and don't worry, it is written as such. I really didn't want to leave this abandoned forever, and I'm really glad I was able to create a resolution over my winter break. I really hope y'all enjoy it, and thank you to everyone who has read, commented, and left kudos. And thank you, most of all, for your patience.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"What do you *mean* you didn't know until it was too late?"

A curtain of long chestnut was tossed over May's shoulder as she spun around, arms crossing together. Peter honestly wasn't sure why he had somehow expected he could buy himself some time to come up with a cover story -- his aunt had noticed the new bed the minute she had entered the apartment. It didn't help that he had forgotten to close his door, of course.

"I mean…" he began, already wilting under her piercing brown eyes. "We were out to lunch, and when I came back… it was just -- here."

His aunt turned around and threw her hands up in the air. "So you're telling me *strangers* entered our apartment," she said, pacing back and forth between his doorway and their living room. "Without your awareness? How's that even -- what, did they jimmy the lock? Do I need to get a locksmith now?"

"What?" Peter yelped. "No, May, he… um, I sort of gave Tony my keys? Temporarily!" he added quickly, as May's jaw fell open. "And I didn't mean to! And I guess he… passed them off to someone else, who installed the bed. May, look, I'm really sorry. I know I messed up. If you want, I'll, I'll pay for the locksmith, if that helps!"

Suddenly, Peter could see the fight drain from his aunt. May's shoulders slumped, lips pressing together in a downturned frown. "Sweetheart," she sighed, reaching out to cup his cheek. "Peter, no. I'm just worried about you."

"Worried about me?" Peter echoed dumbly. "You're… not mad?"

"Of course I'm mad!" The bite in May's voice was contradicted by the gentle admonishment with which she smacked his cheek. Her hand pulled away, arms crossing once again as she

said, with as much sternness as she could muster, “And if this happens again, there… there are going to be real consequences, mister!”

Ducking his head to hide it, Peter couldn’t help but crack a smile; May had always struggled with doling out firm punishments.

“But it sounds like you’re in over your head here,” she continued, voice softened with concern. Peter opened his mouth, but before he could interrupt, she said, “I know you’re 18. But this is your first real relationship. Are you sure about this?”

“What d’ya mean?” Peter asked, stomach twisting anxiously at her words. “I really like him, May, I know I do.”

May sighed. Maybe it was her glasses, but her eyes looked so startlingly wide as she reached out, running her fingers through his hair, just as she had since he was a kid. “Baby, there’s more to a relationship than liking someone. I’m just looking out for you. Okay?”

Throat oddly tight, Peter just nodded silently in response. His aunt shot him one last small smile before turning away.

Peter knew he was in trouble when he couldn't pay attention even in chemistry. They were analyzing thermodynamic reactions, which should have been a walk in the park for him. But his thoughts were a muddled, jumbled mess. The data before him were unchanged and yet, as he stared down at his paper, the notations seemed to jumble around into an incomprehensible mess. As he struggled to get the equilibrium constant, he was struck by the memory of that night -- that night he had texted Ned for help and ended up talking to a stranger. The first night he and Tony had ever talked. His fingers twitched to reach for his phone, which remained silent in his pocket.

Almost a whole day. That's how long since he and Tony had last spoken. After his talk with May, Peter had decided to take some time and process everything. He had muted Tony's contact on his phone; he wouldn't even receive notifications if Tony tried to text him and risk being tempted to respond.

The anxious churn in his stomach that had been his faithful companion since yesterday gave a nauseating lurch. Guilt made him sick to his stomach -- he couldn't believe, after everything, that he was *ghosting* Tony. But another part of him felt, well, justified. He needed some time to sort things out. That was okay.

He rubbed his eyes as he tried to focus, but all it seemed to do was blur the black ink of his worksheet even more. Groaning, he let his head thump against the desk, resigning himself to his turmoil. He could feel Ned's eyes on him without looking up.

"What the hell else was he supposed to do?" Michelle shrugged, like it was all just *that simple,* and bit into her bright red apple.

Ned was still silent, mouth gaping open, as he had been for the last few minutes. He tore his eyes from Peter just long enough to shoot Michelle an aghast look. "Are we… really just skipping the part where Peter *lost his virginity!?"*

"Dude!" Peter cried, reaching out to slap a palm over his friend's mouth. "Could you-" He paused, looking every which way in the cafeteria, sighing in relief when no one appeared to be looking their way. "Maybe keep it down!? I don't actually want the *whole school* to know."

"Why not?" Ned asked. "This is so awesome! You've finally joined the club! *The last among us ..."* Ned trailed off as his eyes narrowed across the table at Michelle, who chewed her apple, unfazed. "I think," he added, gaze carefully tracking Michelle's reaction.

She shrugged once more, taking another large, pointed bite before saying, "You *know* virginity is a social construct, right? The only meaning it has is what you assign to it."

"Trust me, I know, and I happen to-"

"Guys," Peter groaned as he cut in. His shoulders slumped as he looked at Michelle imploring. "Please don't get him started on his first time with Betty. *Please ."*

But Ned was already off, unfortunately, looking into the distance longingly. "It was a beautiful Thursday evening in July. I booked a hotel room for us on Staten Island, sprinkled rose petals all over the bed-"

"Okay, okay," Michelle quickly interjected. "I'd actually like to keep my lunch down, thanks."

Ned scoffed, rolling his eyes and muttering about *hopeless* un- *romantics* under his breath, but let Peter resume venting over his latest crisis.

"I mean, I don't regret it. And I don't really… feel any different?" He glanced at his friends. Michelle deigned to look up from her sandwich but offered no response.

Ned shrugged. "You guys know I felt *completely* different," he said.

Peter sighed, staring at his hands. He couldn't tell if this was normal or not. "May's kinda worried, and she thinks it sounds like I'm in over my head." His fingers began twisting together. "And usually I feel like I *am ,* y'know? That's the thing." He swallowed against a growing lump in his throat. The food littered across his plastic black lunch tray only made his nausea worse. "I really like him, and I just want this, like, *normal* relationship."

This all probably sounded ridiculous. He unwrapped his cafeteria sandwich, though he couldn't stomach the thought of eating right now -- he just needed something to do, something to occupy his hands.

"What *is* normal?" Michelle chimed in.

Peter and Ned groaned, nearly in unison. "Yes, we know," Ned acknowledged tiredly. "'Normal' is just a representation of statistical frequency, and by convention, anything less frequent must be *ab* normal, and this is used by society to apply meaningless values --"

Michelle waved Ned's explanation away. "Yeah, yeah. Thanks for actually listening for once, losers." She rolled her eyes before settling her gaze on Peter. "But aside from the desire society has ingrained in you to conform, what do *you* think a 'normal' relationship would look like? With this guy -- Tony."

Peter hesitated, cautious of providing an answer that might do something crazy, like let Michelle think she was right. "I dunno. It'd just be… us. Together. And I wouldn't have to worry about all this… money stuff!" He gestured in a vague representation of Tony's inestimable wealth.

"But you know he has it," Michelle pointed out.

"Well, of course! But-"

"And that's just a part of his life. Just like having *no money* is a part of yours." Ned snorted, under his breath, but Peter knew they weren't poking fun. "No, seriously, think about it," she continued, pushing her tray aside to lean forward across the table. "Every single decision you make, like, ever. Money factors in, right?" After Peter's nod, she continued, "With him, it just doesn't. Never has. Money has never been an issue in his life. He could probably snap his fingers and own a whole *country* . And -- pushing aside the completely unignorable villainy of capitalism, and the mirage of *'hard work equals success'* that the wealthy elite use to distract the masses from completely systemic socio-economic inequality --"

"Dude…" Ned cut in, gently steering her back on track.

She flipped him the bird, but continued on undeterred. "There's nothing wrong with that. He just looks at life completely differently. I mean, what, is every date going to be spent at that little sandwich shop you love? What about when he wants to introduce you to his life? I mean, I'm all for stickin' it to the man, and I'd *pay* to see you show up to some schmoozy business party in that thrift store suit of yours, but you can't integrate into his life like that."

"I wore that suit on our first date," Peter mumbled mulishly, glaring down at the cafeteria table. "And Delmar's makes the best sandwiches in *Queens* ."

Ned's lips pursed as he added, "Yeah, but she's not wrong."

"I know," Peter admitted softly.

The trio fell into silence. It lasted until the sharp warning of the school bell cut in, and Ned leapt to his feet instantly. "Crap! I gotta go walk Betty from choir practice to AP English." Grabbing the strap of his backpack and his lunch tray in one hand, he gave Peter's shoulder a sharp slap. "Let me know how it goes, 'kay?" he said before running off.

Peter nodded faintly. As he stood to gather his own things, Michelle's hand shot out and gripped his forearm.

"Consumerism teaches us that everything is disposable, even our relationships," she said sternly.

“No offence,” Peter began warily. “But your socialist lectures are as painful as Ned’s poetic waxing about how Betty’s golden hair glimmers in the sunlight.”

She ignored his quip, fingers tightening on his arm for just a second as she said, "If you don't want money to poison everything, you both need to compromise. *Set your boundaries,* and don't let him cross them."

Peter had barely pushed through the crowded hallway and shouldered open the double doors leading outside before his phone was unlocked in his hand and ringing Tony.

He barely heard the first ring as he skipped down the school's paved steps, and almost missed Tony's voice over the bustle of other students.

“-- Excuse me for a moment?”

Peter clutched the phone tightly to his ear as he struggled to make out the words. “Pardon?”

“Not you,” Tony muttered, as if under his breath.

Still unsure whether he was being spoken to or not, Peter fell silent. He could make out a few voices, though not their words. Save for a sharp “Tony!” that cut in, the scolding tone making him wince slightly.

“Urgent business, Pep! Gotta run!”

Peter did not even have the chance to interject, assure them it wasn’t urgent at all, when the woman scoffed loudly. “I know your definition of ‘urgent business,’ Tony!” Whatever else she was going to say was abruptly cut off with the sound of a door closing.

“Hey, Pete,” Tony said, finally, after a beleaguered sigh.

“Uh, hi?” Peter winced at his own lack of certainty. “I didn’t mean to interrupt anything! I can call back?”

“Hey, no,” Tony was quick to assure. “It’s nothing that Pepper can’t rearrange between five industry leaders in three different time zones. Now listen, kid.” Tony prattled on before Peter could even think of a response. “Let’s meet, huh? Chat. Dinner?”

“Dinner?” Peter spluttered. “Tony, I just got out of school!”

“Right, right,” the man murmured. “Coffee, then? I can get a car--”

“Tony, wait, I don’t really--”

Peter tried to cut in, but Tony continued on unimpeded. “It’ll pick you up in 10. Just stay where you are, okay?”

“Tony!” Peter all but shouted into the phone. Cringing, he quickly glanced around him, but unsurprisingly, no one paid him any mind. “Look, coffee - coffee sounds great. But I can get there myself, okay? I don’t need a-a chauffeur, or a car brought to me, or anything. I have my metrocard for a reason.”

Peter squared his shoulders, refusing to give into the urge to apologize. *Boundaries* , he reminded himself proudly (even if his own inner voice was the tiniest bit shaky). *You’re setting your boundaries.*

“Alrighty, then, Petey.” And Peter tried, valiantly, not to over-analyse the brusqueness of Tony’s voice. “I’ll text you an address.”

By the time he reached the cafe in midtown Manhattan, Peter was slightly winded from his sprint from Bryant Park station. He took a moment to catch his breath, resting an elbow against the large gold script embossed on the glass entrance. The straps of his backpack cut into his shoulders, weighed down by his homework and readings. A sma ll bell rang as the door to the cafe swung open. Peter sighed, dragging the scuffed tip of his right Nike against the sidewalk. His heart rate still jumped erratically in his neck, but he knew it was from nerves alone now.

Just as he braced himself to push off against the glass wall, he heard a throat clear to his left. “Everything alright there, kid?”

Whirling around, Peter’s cheeks burned as he was faced with Tony, resting against the open doorway with his arms crossed. A smirk tugged at the corner of the man’s lips, but Peter couldn’t see through the dark tint of his Ray Bans.

“Tony,” he breathed. Despite the nerves that had been tugging at him all day, Peter could feel himself break into a large grin just at seeing the man. He ambled forward, a little hesitant at first, but with greater surety when Tony opened his arms. Tony’s mouth pressed against the top of his head as they hugged, for the barest of seconds, and he wasn’t really sure what he could make of that. If anything.

Tony led him inside, one of Peter’s hands grasped in his. The cafe seemed to be set up more for dinner, after all -- pristine white tables were distantly scattered around the expansive room, and there were no baristas in sight.

“Should I go order?” Peter asked as Tony pulled him further inside, to a secluded table at the far back of the restaurant.

Tony clicked his tongue. “Already got that covered,” he said. Peter shrugged his backpack off his shoulders and dropped it to the ground. As they each settled into a dark leather chair on either side of the table, Tony snapped and twirled his index finger. Seemingly at nothing, Peter noticed, as he glanced around the near-empty room before them.

“So,” Tony prompted, elbows resting on the table as he leaned forward. “How’ve you been, Pete?”

“Fine,” he answered immediately. With a small frown, he added, “Well, good, actually. Look, um, I’ve been meaning to talk to you…”

He trailed off as Tony shook his head, an easily missable fraction of movement. “Just a second,” he murmured. Peter opened his mouth to ask why, when suddenly a waitress materialized at their table. She deposited a hot drink in front of them both without a word, pausing to give Peter’s backpack, sprawled across the floor, a pointed glance before silently departing.

Tony wrapped a hand around his drink, which appeared to be plain black coffee, but didn’t take a sip. He seemed to be watching Peter, so the teen obliged, picking up his own oversized cup. Whipped cream was piled high, covered in shavings of dark chocolate and a light sprinkle of cinnamon. He ended up taking a too large gulp, and tried not to wince as the liquid singed his tongue. Quickly swallowing, he shot Tony a quick smile in thanks. Despite the burning ache, he could still appreciate the richness of chocolate tinged with a slightly spiced undertone.

“‘S really good.” The words were mumbled out as Peter tried to avoid touching his tongue to the roof of his mouth.

Tony hummed in response. His head canted to the side, continuing to silently watch Peter for a moment longer before he pulled off his sunglasses. Fractionally, Peter relaxed, shoulder muscles loosening as he looked up into Tony’s dark eyes.

“Hey,” he said. It was untimely, but felt right nonetheless, like they were only now properly sitting together.

Tony cracked a smile -- another little one, just at the corner of his mouth, but a smile all the same. “Hey, Pete.” Tony’s left arm stretched out partway across the table, the back of his hand resting against the wood as his palm splayed open invitingly. Peter abandoned his mug immediately, tips of his fingers dragging against Tony’s callused palm before settling, fingers curling around the man’s wrist. “How have you been?” Tony asked.

The same words, repeated moments before, but spoken so much softer now. Tony’s dark eyes flitted back and forth, silently assessing Peter’s expression. “Good,” the teen said, but firmer now, more sure. “Really, Tony. Everything’s good. I’m… happy, and I don’t have any regrets.”

Had his index finger not laid resting across the older man’s wrist, he would have missed the minute jump in Tony’s pulse. “But…?” the man drawled, light tone belying the intensity of his gaze.

“But…” Peter sighed, trying to keep himself from squirming in his seat nervously. He tried to imagine Michelle sat beside him, rolling her eyes and scoffing in disapproval. “And, look, I don’t know how else to say this,” he began. “But I really, really, *really* don’t want your money, Tony.”

He paused expectantly. Tony blinked, seeming at a loss for words.

“Your watches, your cars, your *company stocks.* Your… fancy car drivers! I mean, I don’t mind being driven around if I’m *with you,* but I can get around fine by myself.”

When Tony didn’t leap in to respond, Peter found himself rambling on. He winced, but seemed unable to stop himself. “I mean the bed… fine. That’s fine. I get it. And May probably would’ve installed, like, some kind of spyware onto my phone if she knew the *real* reason you got me it. Well, I mean, *tried to*... she probably wouldn’t’ve figured it out. But that’s not the point!” The last part was emphasized by his free hand gesturing wildly, almost knocking over his drink. “The point is… is that…” Peter stumbled, trying to gather his thoughts. “I really like you, okay?!” he all but exclaimed. “And you-you *do* things, like call me your boyfriend and put a photo of me as your phone background, and I think, ‘Gee, he really likes me, too,’ but then you do *other things,* like *install an entire bunk bed in my room without me knowing,* or buy me a brand new car when I don’t even have my *license,* and I just… I don’t know!”

Peter deflated suddenly, shoulders drooping as he stared down at the table. “I just don’t know,” he whispered. “It seems like everything I say or do is weighed against some monetary measure that only you know about.”

His eyes lifted, pausing briefly at their joined hands as he gathered the courage to look Tony in the eyes. The man’s brows were furrowed, lips pursed tightly together. “I’m just showing my appreciation, Pete,” he said slowly.

“I know,” Peter said. “I know that we’re different people. And maybe I don’t *get* that, not yet, not fully. But I’m not here for your wealth. I’m here for you. And sometimes…” Peter huffed, rubbing at his eyes tiredly. “It feels like you don’t understand that.”

There was a tug on his hand as Tony leaned back in his chair and, for one heart-stopping moment, Peter thought Tony was going to pull away. But he squeezed Peter’s hand, adjusting his position so his left side was slanted toward the table. “Normally…” Tony glanced around the room before settling his eyes on Peter’s once more. “Normally, that’s what people want.”

“Maybe I’m not normal!” Peter’s nose crinkled as he considered that statement. “Um, y’know what I mean.”

Chuckling, Tony’s head shook softly as he regarded Peter with a warm, fond smile. “Trust me, kid, you’re anything but normal. And I love that about you.”

Peter scoffed, head ducking as he tried to hide his growing flush. “So… do you get what I’m saying?” he asked, staring into his mug as the whipped cream gradually melted away.

“Kid, sometimes I don’t think I’ll ever figure you out,” Tony admitted. “But I’d like to try, as long as you’ll have me.”

“Well…” Peter murmured, gaze still fixed on his drink as he tamped down a smile. “You have me.”

The words left him feeling exposed, and he still couldn’t bring himself to look up. But Tony’s hand squeezed his, warm and lingeringly tight, and that felt like enough. It was easy, once

again, for them to slip into casual conversation as they sipped away at their drinks. Peter's fingertips danced along Tony's palm the entire time, at first without his awareness, and he almost jolted when he first felt Tony's fingers curling upward in response.

It was as Peter was nearing the end of his drink that Tony said, apropos of nothing, "I'd like to take you back to my place now, Pete."

Tony chose a moment when Peter's mouth was *not* full of hot chocolate, blessedly, or else he probably would've done a spit-take. For all that the older man could be elusory and enigmatic, he could also be transparently blunt. Perhaps mistaking Peter's reaction for disagreement, he quickly added, "Or not. Whatever you'd like." He leaned back against his chair, as casual as if he had been remarking about the weather.

"No, it's just, it's a school night," Peter explained once he'd recovered. "I… have a curfew," he admitted quietly.

"You could tell your aunt you're staying over at a friend's," Tony offered with a smirk.

"I don't want to keep things from May any longer," Peter said firmly. "I just have to be home by ten, is all."

Tony grinned at him across the table. "Ten. I can work with that," he agreed before snapping his fingers once again. Apparently that was the universal sign for the cheque, as the waitress materialized once more with a small, sleek black binder in hand. "Should we take the subway there?" Tony asked as he signed the receipt tucked inside and handed the binder back to the waitress.

"Would you really do that?" Peter questioned, somewhat incredulously.

As the waitress slipped away, Tony leaned forward across the table once more. "Kid, I'd let someone's Doberman use my Italian leather shoes as a latrine for you. Now, how 'bout it?"

The grimace provoked by Tony's imagery was beat out by a pleased smile. "Maybe next time," he said. "But thank you."

Peter had half-expected to be pushed up against the door and kissed senseless the moment the partition in the car rolled up, but instead, Tony simply slung an arm around Peter's shoulders as he looked outside. The windows were really too darkly tinted to make anything out, though, and given the way Tony's fingers tapped restlessly against Peter's shoulder, he wondered if Tony was nervous for some reason. He thought a good boyfriend would say something, find a way to assuage his worries, but then Peter realized he couldn't even say if Tony was nervous about taking Peter to his home, about their earlier conversation, or something else altogether. So instead he fell silent, his own fingers twisting nervously in his lap.

The building they arrived at stretched deliriously high, with more floors than Peter could count from the sidewalk. There was a doorman at the entrance, who gave them a curt nod as

he opened the doors. Peter was about to ask about the apparent lack of security when they stepped inside and his mouth fell open in wonder. The foyer stretched out before them, opulent white marble floor to ceiling with decorative gold detailing. Peter glanced down at his sneakers, scuffed and dirty, and hesitated before stepping onto the reflectively pristine floor. Perhaps noticing his discomfort, Tony grabbed his hand and gently tugged him inside.

A concierge stood at a desk at the back, and behind him was a hallway with elevators. Had he not seen the title with *apartments* embossed on the wall behind the man, Peter would have thought Tony lived in some kind of hotel. The concierge murmured, "Good evening, Mr. Stark," as they breezed past the desk and to the elevators beyond. Peter followed, in somewhat of a daze, as Tony pulled him toward a door at the far end of the hall. It was unmarked, but all black, and stood as a startling contrast against the wall. Tony held his hand up against it, and just as Peter's brows furrowed into a confused frown, a screen lit up from nowhere.

"Verifying identification," came a lilting, accented voice. It seemed to come from all around, and Peter was torn between glancing around and watching the screen before him. A bright green light scanned Tony's hand up and down before the door slid open, revealing an elevator inside.

"Hello, Mr. Stark," the voice said -- and Peter could swear it sounded warmer now. "And who is your companion, sir?"

"This is Pete," Tony said, throwing his arm around a still bemused Peter's shoulders. "Why don't you say hi?"

"Uh…" Peter looked around, but it was wall-to-ceiling shining silver; there weren't even floor buttons to press. "Hi?"

Tony chuckled, shaking Peter gently as if he had recounted a humorous anecdote. "I meant Fri, sweetheart," he stated, which only served to confuse Peter further.

But before he could ask anything, the disembodied voice cut in once more. "Hello, Peter Parker," it welcomed.

"Um, th-the elevator lady knows my name?" Peter stage-whispered, eyes widening as he stared up at Tony.

Tony leaned toward him as he whispered back, "First of all, you should probably call her FRIDAY or she might take offense." He straightened, speaking at a normal register once again as he added, "Second of all, we'll get you all set up with your own security access soon, alright?"

That… in no way answered Peter's question, and while Tony seemed gently amused by Peter's confusion, he didn't want to embarrass himself any further and decided to stay quiet. The elevator doors soon slid open anyway, and Tony immediately strode inside, arms out to his sides as he began talking. "Fri is my AI, designed by yours truly, and she does far more than monitor my private elevator. As I said, we'll get you set up with your own handprint

identification and whatnot. And you'll find her all over the house, so if you ever need anything, just --"

Tony finally spun back around, voice trailing off as he finally noticed Peter, still stuck in the elevator gawking. The open-concept entrance was easily more than twice the size of his and May's apartment. In contrast to the building's foyer, the floor was a marbled black, but the glossy dark of the material did little to lessen Peter's discomfort in taking his first step. The room was sparsely furnished, and the marble eventually gave way to a circle of creamy carpet at the far end of the room, along a window-covered wall. There was an assortment of black chairs and a burgundy semi-oval couch accompanied by a fireplace.

"C'mon, kid, we don't have all day," Tony advised, walking back to the elevator to grasp Peter's hand and pull him inside. (That appeared to be a trend, today.) "This isn't even the good stuff -- we won't have time tonight, but next time, I'll show you some of the work floors. You'll love it."

"Wait, *floors ?"* Peter echoed as he was dragged across the room and toward a hallway. "Like, plural?"

"Yeah, but like I said, no time tonight, Petey."

Tony soon dropped Peter's hand, allowing him to tour the rooms at his own pace. Each door, Tony would open and motion Peter inside. There was a piano room, a library, a conference room, even a home theatre. That last one actually excited Peter, at least, and he gazed inside at the oversized leather seats facing a wall-sized screen with a breathless, *"Woah.* This is *awesome."* But Tony made for an antsy tour guide, always waiting at the door and anxiously tapping his foot, so Peter did not linger for long.

The kitchen was nearby, and this time Tony actually stepped inside to grab Peter a drink from the double fridge, even though he insisted he was *fine, thanks* . He noted the white granite counters were bare of any sort of appliance, and wondered, not for the first time, if any of this space was really ever used or just for show. Tony handed him a frosted glass bottle of sparkling mineral water and grasped his shoulder, leading him back into the hallway.

Soon they looped back to the main room, and Tony led him up a winding staircase in the right corner. "These are mostly just guest rooms and such," the man explained as he waved off the first set of doors. "I let Pep just take care of those. Well, the whole apartment, really. So you have her to thank for all this -- or not, whatever."

"Pep?" Peter repeated.

Tony stilled mid-stride, pivoting around to stare at Peter. "Huh?" He blinked, seemingly startled from his train of thought.

"Oh, ah, 'Pep'?" Peter repeated once more.

"Oh, my assistant," Tony explained with an easy smile, before resuming the tour once more. "Basically runs my life, really."

Their pace seemed to slow the further along the hallway they went, despite the fact that Tony was no longer pausing to show him every room as they went. “Well,” Tony announced as they paused in front of a double wide doorway. He appeared to have no follow-up, just rubbed a hand through his beard and cleared his throat before finally pushing the doors open. Peter stepped inside the room. It was, unsurprisingly, much larger than what he was used to -- yet it seemed somehow unostentatious, at least compared to the rest of the penthouse so far. There was a California king bed in the middle of one wall, with a deep red, satiny duvet and pillow set and a single nightstand on the right side. Heavy black-out curtains were slowly gliding up, revealing the cityscape outside. Peter stepped inside, feet carrying him to a large dresser upon which sat a single framed photograph. It must have been Tony’s parents, he realized, as he stared at a couple -- a blonde-haired woman with a bright smile in the arms of a man, with grey-white hair and a stern expression. Peter’s fingers trailed along the top of the dresser, skidding along the smoothly finished wood, but not daring to reach out to the photo.

“This is my bedroom,” Tony explained, belatedly, as Peter moved away from the dresser. “Where I sleep.”

Peter laughed as he said, “Uh, yeah, of course?” When he twisted around, though, he was thrown by the intensity with which Tony was staring at him, mouth pursed and arms firmly crossed. “...Where else would you sleep?” he asked naively.

Tony sauntered toward him, slowly. “Pete,” he murmured as he stood before the teen, lifting a hand to cup Peter’s face. “I can count on one hand the number of people who have seen this room.”

Peter paused, nose scrunching up momentarily as he considered this. “Oh,” he said, softly, as the significance lacing Tony’s words began to dawn on him.

“I don’t…” Tony trailed off momentarily, looking away as he seemed to steel himself. “Let people in very easily. I don’t do relationships. But I want this…” Leaning down, he pressed his lips to Peter’s, feather-light. “With you, Peter.”

Peter grinned up at him, reaching forward to twist his fingers into Tony’s shirt and hold the man against him. “Me, too, Tony.”

Tony stepped closer yet, his right foot planting itself between Peter’s. His fingers ran across the curve of Peter’s jaw, behind his ear, and slipped through his curls to rest at the nape of his neck. His free arm looped around Peter’s waist, hand settling on the teen’s lower back and tugging him, causing Peter to stumble against the man’s chest. When Tony kissed him again, this time it was firm, demanding; Peter threw his arms around Tony’s neck, lifting up on his toes to respond in kind , lips parting to allow Tony’s tongue to slip inside his mouth.

Tony began to walk backward, coaxing Peter with him, until he could sit down on the bed. He pulled Peter down with him, who had no choice but to straddle the man’s lap, laughing as he went. Squirming, he tried to settle more comfortably, until his knees were on either side of Tony’s hips. Tony, for his part, just tugged Peter closer, closer, as he began sucking bruising kisses into Peter’s throat. The teen moaned, rocking his hips with greater purpose now, unconcerned for how awkward and fumbling his motions were in light of the friction they

created. All too soon he was unabashedly frotting against Tony, too caught up in the sensation to consider how much better it would feel if he bothered undressing them both.

Tony, too, seemed distracted by the prospect of completely covering Peter's neck in hickeys. "I'll get you a scarf on the way home," he promised as he kissed his away across Peter's throat, fisting the collar of Peter's shirt to rip it aside and expose an untouched shoulder. Peter moaned, louder than before, and his dick strained against the zipper of his pants.

"Can we -- do it?" Peter asked, panting each word into Tony's ear. "Like this?"

Groaning, Tony sunk his teeth into Peter's shoulder, and the sharp pain shot straight down to Peter's groin. Pulling away, the man nodded fervently, pressing light kisses to Peter's flushed cheeks as he chanted, "Yes, yes, yes, yes."

Peter soon found himself standing on shaky legs, barely able to contain his excitement as he fumbled with his jeans. He was hopping around on his right foot, dangerously close to losing his balance as he tried to pull off his left sock, by the time Tony was lounging on the bed once more, completely naked and holding a condom and a bottle of lube.

"Just leave it on and get over here," Tony demanded impatiently, grabbing at Peter's hips the moment the teen got close. Instead of simply collapsing onto Tony's lap this time, though, Peter sat up on his knees; the position left him a few inches taller than Tony, and he was surprised to find how much he enjoyed being the one to tip Tony's head back and guide their kisses.

This time, Tony opened him with quick, efficient thrusts of his fingers that left a burning ache skirting the edge of painful. By the time he was three fingers in, Peter was shaking for more.

"Enough, that's enough," he decided, pulling away from Tony's lips with a messy smack. "Put it in me."

Instead of, well, *listening,* Tony threw his head back and laughed. Clearly he was not quite as affected by all this as Peter, who could barely muster up an offended frown. It seemed to only add to Tony's amusement, as the man chuckled once more and pressed a kiss to Peter's forehead. "Sorry, sweetheart," he placated. "We'll work on your dirty talk, okay?"

The embarrassment burning through Peter's veins served only to amplify the excitement sparking low in his belly. After quickly putting the condom on, Tony helped guide Peter downward, his lube-covered fingers slippery on the teen's hipbone, and Peter buried his face in Tony's shoulder to smother his reaction.

"Come on, baby," Tony urged gently, his voice noticeably strained. "You know I want to hear you."

"Oh, God," Peter gasped once he was fully seated. He jerked forward instinctually, rubbing his cock against Tony's stomach and smearing precome against the man's skin. "God, oh, God," he blathered on, letting Tony's hands guide him into a jerky, arrhythmic motion as he stared, fixated, at the glistening wetness just above Tony's belly button.

Tony's hand in his hair, fisting and tugging on his curls, disrupted his gaze. "Baby," he groaned. "So pretty like this."

Peter could only whimper in response. His toes curled into the duvet, trying for leverage, but his one bare and one socked foot simply slipped against the smooth material. Fingers clutching at Tony's shoulders, he tried to rock his hips faster, harder, but the tightening in his belly and that growing need to come warred with the aching burn in his thighs. At least until Tony delivered a piercing bite to his shoulder, leaving Peter a shuddery mess.

"Tony," he panted feverishly. "Shit. Please."

"I know, baby, I know," Tony purred in between apologetic kisses to Peter's skin. "Almost there."

Peter could have cried with relief, unsure of how much longer he could continue before coming. Every thrust rubbed his cock against Tony's stomach, driving him almost delirious with need. But between his burning thigh muscles and the lack of traction with his feet, Peter's jerking motions faltered just before he could tip over the edge. His groan was born more of frustration than pleasure, and he dug his fingers into Tony's shoulder, nails biting into flesh, in an attempt to rebuild the momentum through the use of his arms.

"Petey," Tony sighed, almost chidingly, one arm looping around Peter's waist to settle a hand on his lower back. His other settled on Peter's hip, clutching his hipbone tightly and guiding his movements. "Daddy's so close, don't stop now," he implored. The clipped words accentuated Tony's ragged breaths.

But it was that word, that word that made Peter's muscles all tense up, his abdomen and groin and thighs. His whole body froze up and he could only sit there, helplessly, as he came with a wave of pleasure that rolled right through him, spreading to his limbs and curling into his fingers and toes.

"Daddy," he was able to whimper, perhaps too late. But perhaps not, because he could feel Tony's grip on his hip tighten, the hand on his lower back pressing him in until he collapsed forward, blearily pressing his face into Tony's throat. He felt more than heard the man's final moan, felt the muscles in Tony's throat and shoulder clench and quiver against his burning cheeks.

Peter only realized Tony's own hips had been moving, perhaps to compensate for Peter's fatigue, when they gradually stilled. A long, dragging groan slowly petered out into a sigh as Peter shifted slightly, trying to get comfortable with Tony's cock softening inside him.

"We should probably go shower," Tony suggested. But Peter couldn't imagine lifting a finger, much less standing. Unable to even muster such a statement, Peter burrowed his face deeper into Tony's throat as a response.

Apparently deaf to dissenting opinions , Tony told FRIDAY to start a hot shower for them. Then he lifted a squawking Peter by the hips, slipping free his cock, and maneuvered to a standing position with the teen in his arms.

‘What’re you doing!?” Peter yelped as his feet scrambled against Tony’s thighs. He expected to be put down, but instead the man began to walk, and Peter wrapped his legs around Tony’s waist responsively. Each step was measured but light, as if Peter’s weight was inconsequential.

“I told you,” Tony sighed as he shouldered open the door to the adjoining bathroom. “Shower.”

“Okay, okay!” Peter agreed as they approached a glass wall dividing them from a heavy spray of water inside the shower. “Just put me down first!”

By now, feeling had at least returned to his legs, and he no longer feared collapsing without support. He had apparently lost his remaining sock in the frenzy of his orgasm somehow, and when his feet touched the floor, both were met with immediate warmth.

“Wha’s that?” he asked blearily, wriggling his toes against the warm tile.

“Oh, heated floors,” Tony explained as he pushed aside a sliding glass door and motioned his hand for Peter to go inside. He wrapped a firm hand around Peter’s bicep, steadying the teen’s ungainly steps.

Peter was too tired to do much more than stand under the beating sprays of the showerhead; his lingering bliss seemed to overrule his self-consciousness as well, for he all but sank into Tony’s ministrations when the man began to wash him up. His eyes slipped shut, and he swayed on his feet, slightly, as Tony’s hands rubbed him from head to toe with body wash, the touch intermittently sprinkled with a kiss or a swipe of tongue. He even washed Peter’s hair, and as ridiculous as it sounded, it felt almost as good as sex -- Tony’s fingers were delicate but firm against his scalp, rubbing in circular motions with a gentle drag of his nails. It felt like Peter’s whole body melted in response, arms dangling useless at his sides, neck relaxing as his head tipped back.

A rinse of the shampoo was followed by another product, thicker and creamier this time, with a sweet-minty undertone. Instead of rinsing it out, though, Tony’s hands abandoned Peter’s hair altogether after applying it.

“Wha’?” Peter asked as he felt Tony step away, no longer pressed against Peter’s front. Finally prying his eyes open, he saw Tony lathering himself now with body wash.

“I’ve seen that 3-in-1 crap you have at home, kid,” Tony answered. He spared a second from rubbing down his thigh to smack Peter’s hand away as the teen reached up in an attempt to touch his hair. “It’s conditioner. Leave it for a few minutes,” he chided, though Peter could see the amused lilt of his mouth.

Peter frowned, slow to process the words. “My stuff is not crap,” he decided finally. “It’s *efficient.”*

“Yes, of course, babe,” Tony conceded patiently. But he added, under his breath, “Not even sure how you look like this when all you use is that.”

Peter didn't even attempt to interpret that statement. He just basked, with brazen openness, in the cycle of Tony's skin being covered in creamy-coloured suds before being rinsed clean. Despite the man's apparent appreciation for conditioner, though, he only gave his own hair a perfunctory shampoo before tending to Peter's hair once more.

Once the conditioner was washed out, Peter was reluctant to step out from the heat of the shower. But the cool contrast in the air served to invigorate him to full wakefulness, at least. They dressed quickly (with a comment from Tony about wanting to see Peter in nothing but one of his shirts one day) and made their way down to the kitchen.

"There has to be *something,"* Tony grumbled as he carelessly tossed a carton out of his fridge. Peter lunged forward, almost falling off his perch on the counter as he caught it mid-air. He grimaced as he inspected the label, which read "organic unsweetened flax milk." Beside him sat two large bowls of sugar-packed cereal, waiting to be devoured. With wakefulness had come hunger, and Peter had decided he was too impatient for delivery.

There was a triumphant "Aha!" from inside the fridge, followed by, "... Shit, nevermind. Expired." Straightening up, Tony shook the small carton of regular milk as he passed Peter, whose legs swung in front of him, on the way to the garbage. "Guess we'll have to go without."

"Lemme see," Peter said as he grabbed the container from Tony's hand. "Oh, c'mon, it expired 5 days ago." Pushing open the folded closing at the top, Peter gave it a whiff. "Pfft, totally fine," he insisted, and poured some into his bowl.

With a shrug of his shoulders, Tony followed suit. "Romantic," he remarked sarcastically as he settled with his bowl in between Peter's open knees. "Kids' cereal and expired milk."

"'Course it is," Peter defended as he rabidly shovelled down spoonfuls of cereal. He demolished his serving in seconds, and before he could sheepishly ask for more, Tony silently refilled his bowl.

"So, I'm not sure where you're at," Tony ventured, words uncharacteristically slow. "But there's been talk. A few people want to meet you, kid." Bemused, but with a mouth full of food, Peter's head slanted to the side questioningly and Tony clarified, "Friends of mine."

"Oh!" Peter exclaimed as soon as he swallowed. Setting aside his bowl, his appetite was momentarily forgotten. "'Course, yeah! Mine, too, probably. Oh, and May!" His burgeoning excitement was dampened slightly, overshadowed by nerves. "May's really going to grill you, though," he admitted. "And you've sort of already met Ned? He's really chill, but he'll probably get really excited about your car and stuff. Michelle is, um." Peter grimaced apologetically. "She's probably going to take the most convincing, maybe even more than May. The only thing she hates more than phys ed is the accumulation of excess wealth."

Humming thoughtfully, Tony discarded his own cereal bowl in favour of wrapping his arms around Peter's waist in a loose hold. "I think I can work with that," he decided. "Anyone else I should worry about?"

When Peter shook his head in response, Tony took a deep breath and began. “Well, first, there’s Pepper. As I said, she runs my life. She’s amazing, but she’s also responsible for that flax nonsense, so it comes at a price.” Tony was already pressed up against the counter, and as he spoke, Peter wriggled forward until he could wrap his arms around Tony in kind. “She doesn’t know it yet, but I’d like to make her CEO one day, when I step down,” Tony divulged, his voice soft.

“Then Rhodey,” he continued after a moment. “Roommate at MIT. He tried to outsmart me -- failed miserably, of course, don’t let him tell you otherwise. Joined the Air Force, climbed the ranks to Colonel. And there’s Happy. Used to be my personal chauffeur, then my bodyguard, and now he’s head of security.”

Peter’s head was already spinning at the thought of meeting Pepper and Rhodey -- who were clearly both entrenched deeply in Tony’s life, and exceedingly intelligent to boot. But now he stiffened, pulling out of Tony’s arms as he sputtered incredulously, “Your *head of security* wants to meet me?”

When Tony only laughed heartily in response, Peter scowled in rebuke. Still grinning, Tony pressed a kiss to Peter’s forehead, and the teen had to fight the impulse to childishly duck away in response. “Pete, as a friend,” he explained, though he was still half-laughing. “Don’t worry. If he gives you a hard time, I’ll fire him. But maybe we’ll keep your full name to ourselves for now, yeah? Make it a little harder for him to do a background check.”

“Background check?” Peter croaked.

Tony hushed soothingly as he tugged Peter forward once more. “I’m just kidding. Mostly. Well, not really, but a little blackmail between friends to keep him from digging won’t hurt anyone.”

As strange as it was, Peter realized he actually felt… oddly comforted. He had worried he was the only one bringing quirky, eccentrically paranoid friends and family into the relationship. But Tony’s friends sounded just as protective, and that knowledge left a growing warmth deep in Peter’s chest.

He relaxed against Tony’s chest once more. “Anyone else I should worry about?” he echoed teasingly.

“Hmm,” Tony pondered. One of his hands dragged up and down Peter’s spine, feather-light, as he considered. “Should probably meet Banner, too. He’s a bit squirrely and awkward, but I think you two will actually hit it off.”

Peter snorted, shaking his head ruefully. “Should I be insulted?”

Tony paused, as if considering his words, and Peter light-heartedly slapped his shoulder. “Because of your well-matched wit, of course,” the man insisted facetiously. “And he has a finer appreciation for the, shall we say, nerdier aspects of life?” Peter smiled, deciding to take that as the compliment Tony undoubtedly intended it to be. “He works mostly in gamma radiation, and consults sometimes for my company. He went to Harvard, though, so he thinks he’s --”

“Wait,” Peter interrupted. “You don’t mean *Bruce* Banner, do you? Like, holds seven Phds, *Doctor Bruce Banner!?”*

It was Tony’s turn to pull away, leaving Peter’s skin bereft of warmth as his arms crossed over his chest. Peter was about to open his mouth and ask what was wrong, because Tony was silently staring him down. “So, let me get this straight, kid,” Tony said at last. “My company, *Stark Industries* , globally renowned and you’ve never heard of it. …But for some obscure nuclear physicist, you have his whole CV memorized.”

“He’s not obscure!” Peter defended. Given Tony’s silently raised brow, it was probably the wrong point to make, but nevertheless he added, somewhat mulishly, “He had an AMA on the science subreddit!”

Tony rolled his eyes as he huffed incredulously. “If I search your room, kid, am I going to find a signed copy of one of his dissertations?”

“No,” Peter grumbled, grabbing a fistful of Tony’s shirt and pulling him back into a hug. “You’ll find all seven.” He darted forward, successfully smothering Tony’s no doubt acerbic response in a kiss. “Kidding, of course,” he quipped.

Tony’s eyes narrowed in a mock glare before his features relaxed and he ruffled Peter's hair. He warned, “You’re lucky I like you so much, kid."

“Oh, yeah?” Peter teased back.

Tony leaned down, pulling Peter into a softer, lingering kiss. “No, I’m pretty sure I’m the lucky one,” he murmured against the teen’s lips.

“Mm, I dunno,” Peter mused between kisses. “I feel pretty lucky.”

Tony sighed heavily, as if agreeing to a great concession. “I guess we’re both pretty lucky,” he admitted.

One of Tony’s hands found his, and their fingers intertwined before settling on Peter’s left thigh. Smiling softly, Peter stared down at their joined hands. “Yeah,” he agreed after a moment. He felt, perhaps for the first time since this relationship between them began, a blessedly uncomplicated optimism toward their future. “I guess we are.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you to everyone once again for reading. I hope y'all enjoyed the fic and this last chapter. <3 Stay safe, everyone!!

End Notes

Works inspired by this one

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!